The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1916.

Summary of the News

News from Mexico, so far as the censorship permits it to come, seems on the whole to be reassuring. Dispatches from Washington on Tuesday indicated that Gen. Pershing is satisfied that he has at his command sufficient troops to make secure his communications, which now apparently extend for a distance of some 250 miles from Columbus. It was decided at a meeting of the Cabinet on March 24 that the militia should not be called out. President Wilson has accepted the terms of the protocol calling for coöperation between the United States and the *de facto* Government of Mexico, and negotiations are apparently proceeding to obtain for Gen. Pershing the use of the railway. There have been the usual sensational reports regarding opposition by Mexican forces, including one, which turned out to be unfounded, that Gen. Herrera had joined Villa with 2,000 men. In consequence of reports of this character, the President, on March 25, issued a statement emphasizing the punitive nature of the expedition, and the cooperation of the *de facto* Government of Carranza, and warning the people of the United States that there were malicious influences at work spreading sensational reports with the object of bringing about general intervention in Mexico. In an engagement which took place last week at Namiquipa between Villa's band and Carranzista troops the latter were defeated.

The latest series of presumed outrages by German submarines raises anew the entire controversy, now a year old,. Conspicuous among comments of the press is acceptance of the fact that capacity for indignation over these outrages has been dulled by habit. It has come almost to be regarded as in the natural course of events that American citizens, sailing the high seas on their lawful occasions, shall go in jeopardy of their lives. It is also noted that the submarine controversy has now entered a new phase: the question before the Administration is no longer the simple one of holding Germany to strict accountability for lives imperilled through unheralded attack by torpedoes, but of deciding what cumulation of maritime disasters, in which direct proof of torpedoing is lacking, shall be regarded as presumptive evidence of deliberate purpose to destroy.

In most recent cases irrefutable evidence of submarine attack has been difficult to establish. Since we wrote last week, in addition to the Minneapolis, which was in use as a transport and was torpedoed in the Mediterranean on March 22, with a loss of eleven lives, seventeen vessels have been reported sunk; ten British, two French, three Norwegian, and two Danish. Of these, the cases of the Sussex and the Englishman most nearly concern the United States. The Sussex, an unarmed Channel ferryboat on the Folkestone-Dieppe service, came to grief off Dieppe on March 24. The fore part of the ship was blown to pieces, but she remained afloat, and was subsequently towed into Boulogne. The number of those missing is estimated at about fifty. There were a number of Americans on board, but all have been accounted for, some having sustained serious injuries. From the evidence at present available there seems to be hardly any doubt that the Sussex was torpedoed. The Dominion Line steamer Englishman, bound from Avonmouth to Portland, Me., was sunk the latter part of last week. The majority of those on board were saved, but among the missing is one American. It was announced in Washington on Tuesday that inquiries in regard to the Sussex had been addressed to the German Government.

The Dutch Government is making determined efforts to discover the cause of the sinking of the Tubantia, which we recorded last week. According to dispatches from Amsterdam of Monday's date, examination by experts of a fragment of metal which divers have recovered proves conclusively that it was part of the bronze air chamber of a German torpedo. The captain of the Dutch liner Palembang, the sinking of which we also recorded last week, has made a report to the Admiralty, according to dispatches of March 22, that his vessel was struck fore and aft by two torpedoes. Affidavits of officers and men of the French liner Patria, which was attacked without warning on March 3, were received by the State Department on March 22. After the exhibition of frightfulness of the last two weeks, there is something a little risible about the belated disclaimer of any responsibility for the sinking of the Persia, on December 30, last year, received by the State Department from the Turkish Government on Monday.

It is evident that the submarine issue, among others, has caused a sharp division of opinion in Germany. The Chancellor was successful in quelling the threatened revolt in the Reichstag, the resolutions for a more active prosecution of submarine warfare, which we noted last week, being tabled by the Standing Committee for the regulation of Parliamentary business. The Chancellor is expected to make a statement on the matter some time this week. Meanwhile, the Progressive Democratic party in Berlin, at its annual meeting, goes on record with the announcement that "we cannot allow the submarine weapon to be snatched from our hands." The split which occurred in the Socialist party last week is also significant. Following a caucus of the party on March 24, eighteen members, including Deputy Haase, the president, were excluded from the party by a vote of 58 to 33, with four abstentions and twelve absentees.

It is pleasant to turn from submarine warfare to legitimate naval engagements. On March 20 a skirmish was reported off the Belgian coast, in which four British and three German destroyers took part, the German destroyers taking refuge in Zeebrugge. On Sunday news was given out by the British Admiralty of an engagement which took place on February 29 in the North Sea between the German armed raider Greif, disguised as a Norwegian trading vessel, and the British armed merchant cruiser Alcantara. The German ship was sunk by gunfire and the British vessel by a torpedo. Of the complement of the German ship 5 officers and 115 men were taken prisoners. The British losses were 5 officers and 69 men. A combined sea and air action took place on March 25, when a squadron of British sea-planes, escorted by light cruisers and destroyers, attacked German airship sheds in northern Schleswig-Holstein. Three of the sea-planes failed to return and a British destroyer was sunk in collision with another. Two German patrol vessels were sunk, and the German official report states that a German torpedo boat also failed to return.

Reports from Washington early last week that Ambassador Gerard had been directly approached by the German Chancellor with a view to obtaining the mediation of the United States were officially denied in a statement from the White House on March 22.

Formal refusal by the Entente Powers to accept the proposals in regard to armed merchantmen in Secretary Lansing's *modus vivendi* note was received by the State Department on March 24. Dispatches from Washington of March 23 announced that the State Department had in preparation a complete statement of the position of the United States in regard to the conduct of submarine warfare and the arming of merchant ships for defensive purposes which would be sent to all nations.

Dispatches from Berlin on Tuesday stated that subscriptions to the new German war loan had reached the sum of 10,667,000,000 marks.

The most important meeting of leaders of the Allied Powers which has yet been held has taken place in Paris this week, representatives of all the Powers of the Alliance being present.

Activity has been reported on virtually all fronts during the past week. The Germans have been pounding away west of the Meuse, in the Avocourt region, but little progress has been made since that which we recorded last week. Monday's official British report told of an offensive, attended by a gain of 600 yards, in the region of St. Eloi. In the Dvinsk district a powerful offensive has been inaugurated by the Russians, which has apparently resulted in slight gains, and activity is indicated along virtually the whole line. The gain of a bridgehead on the Dniester, northwest of Uscieczko, long held by the Austrians, was reported on March 21. In the Caucasus region and in Persia steady progress is reported. Unofficial dispatches on Tuesday told of increased activies by German and Bulgarian troops against the advanced lines of the Allies at Salonica. From East Africa Gen. Smuts reported further progress in dispatches of March 24.

Yuan Shi-Kai, it was announced in dispatches from Peking of March 22, has decided to reject the Imperial purple and to save the republic by becoming once again its President. His manifesto on the subject, in which he says, "I have myself to blame for my lack of virtue," was published in Saturday's papers.

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The Week

While Senator Tillman's bill for the establishment of a Government armor-plate plant was passed in the Senate last week by a vote of 58 to 23, an amendment offered by Senator Weeks, providing that the cost of manufacturing the armor be systematically reported on by public accountants, was defeated. The vote which accomplished that defeat—through the adoption of a nullifying substitute proposed by Senator Norris, of Nebraska—was 47 to 33; from which, in the absence of detailed information as to the composition of the latter vote, it would seem that the Democrats, who were solidly in favor of the bill, were also solidly lined up to prevent a tally being kept of the cost of the operations. It would be interesting to know just why. The great reason urged in favor of a Government plant is that the private concerns get extortionate prices for the armor; are the advocates of the scheme afraid that the facts may show that the Government gains nothing by having its own plant? If they think the showing would be favorable, why do they not welcome a chance for a convincing demonstration of the soundness of the new move? Mere aggregate statements of current expenditure and current output, without analysis showing overhead charges, depreciation, etc., will be far from sufficient to determine the matter.

The association of "pork" with preparedness may take more forms than one. And if we are to have the "pork" incubus fastened upon our programme of expenditure for military preparedness, it would be far better to have it in the crude and simple form of appropriations of money which it is easy to see are designed to benefit favored localities or interests, than in more insidious shapes. Of all the possible misuses of the preparedness situation, there are few that would be more mischievous than that embodied in a section of the Senate Army bill which, as the National Civil Service Reform League points out, gives to all enlisted men of six years' military service practically an absolute preference in the civil service upon the mere certification of a board of commissioned officers appointed "by their respective commanding officers." It is obvious that this would inflict upon the civil service system an injury so widespread and profound as to weaken it immeasurably; but that is not the only objection to it. To lodge in the commanders of enlisted men a power so entirely foreign to the proper functions of those officers, and so peculiarly open to the temptation of favoritism and abuse, would introduce into the army itself a demoralizing factor. It is to be hoped that every Senator who looks upon the civil service of the country as something else than an opportunity for plums will vote against a scheme so utterly opposed to sound principles, both in civil and in military administration.

The bill for a Tariff Commission was introduced in the House on Monday. It provides for a non-partisan Commission of six men—that is, no more than three may belong to the same political party. The functions given them are of broad investigation, their reports to be made to the President and to the appropriate committees of the House and Senate. No pent-up Utica will contract their powers. They may look into every sort of question connected with the customs laws and their effects. The relation of rates on raw materials and on finished products, the matter of specific duties as contrasted with *ad valorem*, and minute details of classification and schedules are to be their study. Foreign trade will be their especial concern. They will investigate the question of "dumping" and the cost of production abroad. At this point the new Tariff Commission comes nearest the one which the Republicans set up, in Taft's term, and from which they expected so much but got so little. The attempt to work out a "scientific" tariff, based accurately on the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad—as that difference was determined by the higher scale of American wages—came to grief, as it was bound to do. It is well that no such definite task is set the new Tariff Commission.

It is to the changes, or the fear of changes, wrought by the war that we owe the project of a Tariff Commission. A subordinate motive appears to have been a desire to steal a bit of Republican campaign-thunder. Great preparations were being made by Mr. Roosevelt and by some Republican leaders to arraign Democratic tariff-making, and to call in stentorian tones for a Tariff Commission as the only way to deal with the question scientifically and permanently. Since President Wilson boldly annexed the plan, we have heard very little on this subject from the Republicans, though they will doubtless do a good deal of chorusing in Congress about Democratic shamelessness. This is inevitable; but what is really important is whether we get a really competent Tariff Commission. If we do, and if it goes about its work intelligently, it may arrive at results which will be as valuable, if Congress acts upon them intelligently, as were the long studies by a German Commission which underlay the present German tariff. Meanwhile, the Republicans in Congress will not help matters, though they may amuse themselves, by attacking the Democratic shift of programme with what Sir Thomas Browne called "Improperations and Terms of Scurrility."

The Moon bill to readjust rates of railway mail pay, which passed the House in the last Congress, has again been introduced as a rider to the Post Office Appropriation bill. As lowering compensation which the railways assert already to be too low, and basing this pay on an entirely new principle, it is being earnestly opposed. The roads point to the fact that a joint Congressional committee, investigating the general question of pay last year, reported in favor of a higher scale than that contemplated in the Moon bill. As for the new principle of fixing compensation by space used instead of weight of mail, they are unanimous in terming it unreasonable. Under the space plan, the Post Office Department would "authorize" on the various trains whatever space it thinks it needs—a full car, a quarter car, or six feet of space in the baggage car. The scale of rates named would yield about 1.15 cents per ton per mile for a full carload of twenty tons of parcel post, which is a low rate for merchandise freight carried in freight cars; and for half-cars and quarter-cars the scale would not be much higher. The rate is placed so low because of a theory that the car or half-car hired would seldom be filled; whereas the railways affirm that the extensions of the parcel-post service would naturally and at once expand the mails to unprecedented proportions. On the other hand, Representative Moon contends that the present system is antiquated and inaccurate, permitting the railways to reweigh mail diverted from one section to another, and that under it in thirty years there has been an abnormal growth of pay for mail. There is no doubt that certain changes are needed in the method of payment. But a better checking-up on the weight system, with more frequent weighings, would seem the best plan.

Action by the Philippine Legislature has made it practically certain that, unless Secretary of War Baker interferes, the islands will embark upon the experiment of Govern-

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ment ownership of the Manila Railroad, the principal line in the archipelago. A memorandum contract was made by Governor-General Harrison with the railway last December whereby the Government was to pay the corporation $4,000,000 and assume its bonded indebtedness in return for a controlling interest in its stock. The road amounts to about 500 miles, with more under construction; and it has $22,621,000 in bonds outstanding, with a debt of $2,837,000 to the Government fund which guarantees the exchange rate of Philippine currency. The lower house has passed the bill to take over control of the line, and the upper house and the Governor are committed to it. It is contended that the control is offered at a bargain, that unless it is accepted British capital will hold a utility essential to the islands, and that the Filipinos will have an opportunity to make the road better serve the development of the islands. The American press in Manila, however, is unanimous in objecting that the Government will obligate itself so heavily as to endanger its credit the moment it is free from the United States. It certainly seems a step demanding careful preliminary inquiry.

If German influences have been behind Villa and other forces that are working for trouble in Mexico, it is plain that German propaganda has been much more skilfully conducted south of the Rio Grande than within our own boundaries. As an instance of subtle publicity work, take the story which blossomed forth on a great many first pages on March 12, to the effect that Washington was much disturbed by reports that Gen. Obregon had placed Carranza under arrest preparatory to seizing the Chief Executive power for himself. This was after the pursuit of Villa had been decided upon, but before Gen. Pershing's troops had crossed the border. Coming at a time when this country was concerned over the possibility of far-reaching complications in Mexico, the report was well calculated to raise doubts whether it was not preferable to make an end of things by calling it war from the start. We can only wonder at the subtlety of the German methods which succeeded in smuggling this alarming report into American newspapers, and contrast it with the heavy-handed way in which the Kaiser has been furthering his own case before the American people. If we recall earlier stories about Carranza—the frequent uprisings of this same Obregon against his chief, and the time before the war in Europe when it was proved that Carranza was a myth, and that somebody was masquerading under his name in the Sonora hinterland—it may appear that other than German influences have looked with favor on the difficulties of the Mexican situation.

Mr. Lloyd George had some sensible things to say, last week, on the subject of international trade after the war. Replying to a question about what arrangements the Government was making to pursue a commercial warfare, after the fighting with guns has ceased, he remarked that the first thing to do was to make sure of winning the war. As for conditions of trade afterwards, he admitted that it was probable that there would be some changes, but spoke energetically against the notion that a spirit of hostility or revenge could find a place in the commercial exchanges between nations. Trade must be for benefit and profit, on both sides, else it cannot exist. There has been much foolish talk about carrying over the enmities of the war into the commerce of peace, so that, we suppose, men will say that they buy and sell as they shot. But this cannot long persist. It has been heard in Germany as well as in England. But the Minister of Commerce, Herr von Sydow, was as emphatic in combating it in his speech to the Prussian Landtag, as Lloyd George was in what he said in the House of Commons. Minister von Sydow used these words: "We need economic and industrial intercourse with our allies, and with neutrals and our present enemies also. Our commerce and our industries will not be able to do without the world-market in the future."

If, in the popular discussion of Germany's failing supplies of human material, we substitute Austria for Germany, we shall be more in accordance with the facts. For Germany we are confined to highly speculative mathematics, opposed to which is the patent fact that Germany is now hitting out with apparently undiminished energy. For Austria we have such specific evidence as the calling out of the last Landsturm classes, of men of fifty and over, for active service. And what we get to-day is only official confirmation of what has been going on for perhaps half a year. From private sources it has been known that men who are grandfathers have been summoned to the colors, and not for mere home service, but to replace the wounded and crippled, upon whom will devolve the lighter administrative duties. A second fact is the extreme rigor of the Austrian censorship, compared with which the repression in Germany is confessed by Germans themselves to be extremely mild. With men well into middle age drafted for service, and the Government rigorously suppressing public discussion, it is plain that the war is not considered to be so emphatically won as Vienna professes to believe.

Once more there are pilgrimages to Sagamore Hill, but those making them are carrying away a very different message from the one of four years ago. Charles Sumner Bird goes back to Massachusetts to have a straight talk with his associates on the Roosevelt primary ticket. The sacredness that invested the Presidential primaries in 1912, he will tell them, now resides in the Convention. Pre-Convention wrangling—this year—is unseemly. The declaration of war made in the Bay State must be forgotten. The terrible word "compromise" is to be invoked. The thundering in the index that avowedly formed part of the battle against Taft is to be reserved for use against the common enemy. The change of front may be a bit humiliating to those who, like Bird, Gardner, et al., have committed themselves unreservedly, but there is nothing for it but to accept the plans of the Great General Staff. For the moment, Mr. Bird is in the uneasy position of Mohammed's coffin. He has left the Progressive camp, not without disgusting the most earnest of his old supporters there, and he is not irrevocably inside the Republican, the truth being that he belongs to the Roosevelt party and cannot quite foresee where this will be situated after June 7. It is a position requiring delicate manœuvring, but what of that? When he is at a loss, he can make another pilgrimage to the Great Manœuvrer.

A "Committee for a Reunited Party" is the innocent designation adopted by the Brumbaugh-Vare wing of the Pennsylvania Republicans for their State-wide organization against Penrose. All who favor Brumbaugh for President will be in the happy position of aiding in the desired reunion. Those who favor Knox, of whom Penrose takes occasion to say nice things, will be doing what they can to prevent reunion. The issue is simplicity itself. Yet it would be hard to inject fierceness into a campaign in which neither side has any intention of fighting to the last ditch for its Presidential candidate. As in Massachusetts, neither of the factions is dead set upon its man for President, but both are determined to run the

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party in the State. Brumbaugh's followers are openly for Roosevelt if he develops strength at Chicago, and Penrose is quoted as desiring chiefly "the man who can win for the Republican party and unite all factions all the way down the line." The Mayor of Pittsburgh, who is credited with this remark, is further quoted as saying that, if there is a "majority sentiment" among the uninstructed delegates for Roosevelt, "Senator Penrose will throw his support to the Colonel for the nomination." The thing of immediate interest is the definite lining up of Brumbaugh and the Vares against Penrose. Somehow the rest of the country will be slow to see in this development a Governor of the Wilson-Hughes type.

Signs of genuine interest in the extirpation of illiteracy continue to be frequent in Southern newspapers. The Columbia *State* expresses the opinion that by 1930 illiteracy will have ceased to be a serious factor in South Carolina's condition, basing its belief on the enactment of a compulsory school-attendance law, under the leadership of Gov. Manning. The great thing that all such movements of progress can count on is the impossibility of reversing them. There are some objects in democratic government that have to be fought for again and again, returning in new shape when they have been driven out in the old. But this does not apply to such matters as universal education or as the prohibition of child labor. As the Columbia paper says, while two years ago there was opposition to compulsory school attendance, it is now "so firmly established that politicians who have opposed it most will not dare to lift their voices against it in future." Other Southern States, which in the past have shown little practical interest in the subject, are becoming more and more aroused to their duty. Unwillingness to spend the necessary money, as well as indifference to the object itself so far as regards the negro, has been in the past a most serious obstacle; but it looks as if substantial progress were now being made.

Lieut. Shackleton's danger is that of an explorer who, after crossing 1,700 miles of Antarctic continent in the expectation of reaching a depot-ship on the other side, finds that a blizzard has torn it from its moorings and left him without refuge or fresh supplies. Shackleton left South Georgia on January 11, 1914, and it is believed that he left Prince Luitpold Land, on the South American side of the Antarctic continent, in October, 1915. He should have made the journey across the continent to the Australian side in from four to six months. The relief ship Aurora duly arrived at Cape Evans on that side in January, 1915, and expected to lie there until word was received from Shackleton or he himself made an appearance, its own crew meanwhile conducting scientific investigations of their own. It now appears that in May, 1915, it was driven out into pack ice, that it has been held drifting in the ice pack until about two weeks ago, and that it is just now limping back into a New Zealand port. Part of its crew were left at Cape Evans, and it is only conjectural what has become of Shackleton—whether he failed to get through to the Australian side, whether he has got through but has found it impossible to maintain himself there without the expected ship, or whether he is living there awaiting a relief expedition. It is not known what supplies were landed before the Aurora broke away, or how much Shackleton carried across with him. The two grounds for hope are that they were sufficient to support him till another ship can be fitted out, or that for some reason he gave up his transcontinental trip and has turned back to Prince Luitpold Land.

Canada's prohibition movement has with surprising rapidity carried Ontario into line with the prairie Provinces; and it is interesting to find Toronto papers welcoming the Government measure for putting an end to the sale of liquor. The city has a population of 380,000. It seems safe to forecast difficulty in enforcing the law there, though it must be granted that the inhabitants are homogeneous, and that a five years' campaign has effectively aroused public sentiment. When the Government measure was introduced last week, the Opposition stated that it had long been in full sympathy with the bill, and that the sooner it became law the better. Its original sponsor recalled that when four years ago he introduced the bill it met with derision, whereas now there was no quarter in which there was serious hostility. Hereafter it cannot be said, as it might have been a short time ago, that the largest "dry" city on the continent was made so unwillingly by a rural vote. But it is to be pointed out that the bill is in part a war measure, and that a referendum will be held on the question some time after the soldiers' return from the war.

It is a number of years since several men's colleges, notably Princeton, devised a method of entrance whereby the candidate's school record and attainment are taken into consideration, and he is examined in only the four major subjects of his preparatory course. A strong testimonial to the merits of this plan appears in the agreement of four women's colleges—Mt. Holyoke, Smith, Vassar, and Wellesley—to adopt it. A statement as to the student's standing and character is to be obtained from her principal, and she is to be examined in a foreign language, in either English or history, in mathematics, physics, or chemistry, and in some other subject to be agreed upon. The reader for the examinations will mark mainly for the evidence of general ability. This requirement is little more lax than the old one, if at all; it is certainly more reasonable than a formal inquiry into a student's exact knowledge on from twelve to fifteen different specified subjects. On the other hand, it is much better than a full abandonment of the examination system for the certificate system. The satisfactory workings of the latter for some colleges may be explained by the fact that the retention of examinations by others has held the high schools to rigid standards.

Whether it is easier to write a play or a novel seems a fatuous question. It gives Arnold Bennett and Shaw an opportunity to cross swords, and the latter finds especial joy in puncturing Bennett's assertion that one reason why the play is easier is that it is shorter. He takes the scene which describes the confrontation of Macbeth by Macduff in the fifth act of Shakespeare's tragedy, and rewrites it as the last chapter of a novel by Bennett, Wells, Galsworthy, or anybody:

> Macduff had stooped to sharpen his claymore on the flags. He was squatting down in an attitude which brought his bony knees into prominence just below his kilts, and drawing his blade to and fro with a harsh, rhythmical grating on the granite. By the mere instinct of imitation Macbeth did the same. His knees were fleshier; and it was harder for him to stoop; but he did it. It is never easy for a King to stoop; but fate will have it so sometimes. Now, there were two blades scraping. The birds stopped singing, and listened in astonished suspicious silence. Only a jay laughed.

And so on, till Macduff stops "exsufflicate." The argument is conclusive, till one reflects how a scene from "You Never Can Tell" might appear beside the best social satire of Thackeray; or, better, one of the ordinary quick-action dramas beside any short masterpiece of fiction. The one fact susceptible of clear and direct proof is that neither good novels nor good plays can be produced by men who choose their form because it seems the least troublesome.

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THE PRESS AND MEXICO.

The President's statement about the manufacture of news from Mexico is both a warning and an appeal. The warning is addressed to those agencies along the border whom the President accuses of being directly interested in creating irritation and misunderstanding, both in Mexico and in the United States, for the purpose of forcing intervention. That such selfish interests exist and that they have been active since the beginning of the Mexican troubles may be accepted as a fact without going to the point of maintaining that all the rumors and alarms on the border are the result of manipulation. There is reason enough for unrest and anxiety among the people of border towns. They have been living for the last five years on the edge of turmoil, and are not in the frame of mind to sift the true from the false in the mass of gossip, idle or mischievous, which drifts in from Mexico. After the massacre of Santa Ysabel and the raid on Columbus, it would be too much to expect of the frontier that it should maintain that poise and self-restraint which the President inculcates as essential to the solution of the Mexican difficulty.

All the more reason why the President's appeal to the press of the country as a whole drives home. "Those who disseminate the news should make it a matter of patriotism and of conscience to test the source and authenticity of every report they receive from that quarter." Park Row and Broadway are at some distance from the Rio Grande. The trained men in the newspaper offices at the end of a network of wires are in a position to balance and check up reports in a way that the man at El Paso or Douglas, dependent on fragmentary rumors, cannot do. El Paso by itself cannot force us into war with Mexico. But public opinion in the country at large may easily be exasperated into ill-considered action by the inflammatory or careless telegraph editor. There is no reason either in good Americanism or good journalism why the metropolitan press should have played up the absurd story of Obregon's seizure of the person of Carranza, a threadbare bit of mischief which has repeatedly made its appearance in the last two years. The revolt of Herrera could not be overlooked. Though improbable, it was not altogether impossible. It called for notice; but it did not deserve the prominence given to it. From the first the story lacked even approximate authenticity. If the story was played up beyond its merits, other considerations than news value entered. It was a card against Mr. Wilson's Mexican policies. It had its effect on the broader problem of military and naval policy upon which the country is now engaged.

In the long run, the rumors from El Paso as retailed by an excitable press are bound to defeat themselves. Public opinion is sure to weary of scareheads that have their day and cease to be. Common-sense rejects the story of the capture of Torreon by the Villistas. For if there were a Villista army strong enough to threaten Torreon we may be sure that Villa himself would not be campaigning at the head of a few hundred marauders. Common-sense rejects the 10,000 Carranzista cavalry concentrated at a single point on the border. In the first place, Carranza has no such cavalry forces in hand. In the second place, it has been plain from the beginning that such peril as exists on the border comes not from what Carranza will do, but from what he cannot do. If Carranza can keep the Mexican people in hand, there is no prospect of war. No conceivable motive occurs why Carranza should attack us, unless the Mexican people were to rise against him. On this point recent happenings at Vera Cruz are illuminating. The people of a city that has been at war with American troops have made a public demonstration in favor of the United States and have toasted President Wilson. Say that the demonstration was engineered by Carranza. It is none the less significant that Carranza should have thought it safe to indulge in such an expression of sentiment. Apparently he felt himself in a position to challenge the supposed popular hatred of the gringo.

What the citizen and newspaper reader needs to-day, as a prophylactic against scare news from the border, is some comprehension of the facts with regard to the military strength of Carranza and the temper of the Mexican people. One need not forget the difficulties of to-day, the possibilities for mischief and accident involved in the presence of our troops hundreds of miles in Mexico, in order to recognize the difference between the present situation and conditions at the time our soldiers were in Vera Cruz. At that time Carranza was leading a revolt, not over-successful, against Huerta. To-day there is no organized resistance to Carranza. Even the irrepressible Zapata in the south seems to have been silenced. And with Carranza's military success there has plainly come an ascendency over popular opinion in Mexico, which is in part a tribute to Carranza's leadership, but in part, too, the result of a changed attitude towards this country. It has always been assumed that the fear of American intervention would turn the Mexican people against the man responsible for such an eventuality and would unite all factions against us. But Carranza did not attack us at Vera Cruz, and yet did not get the Mexican people against him. Even then the Mexicans seem to have put faith in the motives of the Administration at Washington. To-day that sentiment is stronger than ever. It is this changed feeling in Mexico that minimizes the difficulties of our present action against Villa; if only the mischief-makers and alarmists will keep silent.

THE TWO GERMANYS.

Positive evidence that the cross-Channel passenger boat, the Sussex, was torpedoed is yet lacking. She may have hit a drifting mine. To scatter mines in the high seas is both illegal and fiendish. The horrible suggestion has been put forth that the German Admiralty, overruled in the matter of indiscriminate warfare by submarines, has found means to set mines afloat in the track of merchant vessels—belligerent or neutral—and is gloating over this new form of *Schrecklichkeit*. There is no proof of this; and it ought not to be believed without clear proof. Yet it is a plain consequence of the things which the German Government has avowedly done in this war, that the whole world is ready to credit it with the worst. It is felt that there is nothing inherently improbable in the assertion that the Sussex was deliberately torpedoed by a German submarine. After the Lusitania, anything is credible! The Sussex had neither combatants nor munitions on board; she was only an unarmed ferryboat carrying many neutral civilians. To attack her at all was a crime. So far as the attitude and the duty of the United States Government are concerned, it makes no difference whether any American lives were actually lost or not. If one American life was put in jeopardy by an act which was not only criminal, but which the German Government had given us its solemn pledge would not be repeated, it is obvious that the friendly relations of the two Governments are again seriously imperilled. We must still wait for the facts; but about the principle involved there cannot be an instant's hesitation.

Do the developments of the past two

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weeks bear out the theory that we have in the German Government two elements struggling for the mastery? It has been asserted frequently, as regards the general policy of naval warfare, that the Admiralty has often been at odds with the Chancellor and the Kaiser. Sometimes it has seemed to get out of hand. And in recent weeks there have been indications that somebody in or out of the German Admiralty had grown impatient of the restraints which the Foreign Office sought to impose, and had quietly set going new schemes of ruthlessness at sea. Anyhow, we have had high-handed proceedings which have inflamed Sweden, enraged Holland, and now threaten to bring on a crisis with the United States. Is this mere accident, or is it settled intent? Is it policy or merely blind vengeance?

Whatever the answer, Germany cannot longer conceal from the outside world that she is to-day a country of divided counsels. Despite the wonderful discipline and amazing exertions of the German people; notwithstanding the regulation of the press by the Government; and in the face of all the motives, still strong, to present to the enemy the appearance of a nation absolutely united, dissenting and protesting voices are more and more heard in Germany. These are not all on one side. We had only last week the manifesto of certain German newspapers sharply criticising the course of the Government and, by implication, of the Kaiser himself, on the ground that it was too timid and too little responsive to the German demand for a merciless war by means of any weapons whatever. But this might be regarded as only the snarling of a defeated faction—just as the official assurance that the use of submarines was not to be abandoned might be thought of as merely a sop to the public, without any purpose to go back to the full Reventlow-von Tirpitz policy of running amuck in the seven seas.

Yet something much more significant, because it is spontaneous and unofficial, is seen in the division which has overtaken the Social-Democratic party in Germany. The majority abides by the old plan of supporting the Government and its conduct of the war—threatening dire things to the Junkers and the capitalists when peace comes—but now we have a fair-sized minority joining Liebknecht in open opposition to going on with the war indefinitely. When the Socialist Deputy, Herr Haase, cried out in the Reichstag: "Germany cannot win this war," he was assailed by reproaches and abuse from all sides; but was not the bitter outcry due to the fact that here was one man who had the hardihood to utter publicly the thought which was in the hearts of nearly all of them, but which they dared not speak? However this may be, we shall hereafter have to count with a political party in Germany, small in numbers but of a great possible expansion in power, which is against an indefinite waging of the war by any means that may come to hand, and is for the policy of an early peace on moderate terms.

Nor will opposition to the Government be confined to the question of war or peace. It will attack the measures designed to carry on the war—the new taxes, for example. These, as outlined by the Finance Minister, have been badly received in Germany. The Socialists are violent in their attacks upon them, declaring them to be aimed deliberately at the masses of the nation, and letting off the wealthy classes far too lightly. *Vorwärts* points out that Germany is now, like England, to have higher taxes along with higher prices, but, unlike England, is not to have higher wages for the workingman. These are but specimens of the seeds of bitterness now being sown between the two Germanys.

WHAT MUST COME BEFORE PEACE.

Reports that the German Government is seeking peace have been numerous and definite within the past week. Every humane man must welcome them, as showing that the preliminary steps towards ending the war are being considered; yet it is clear that the essentials of a peace are not yet in hand. Germany has made several tentative offers of the sort. There is no doubt that she would hail a settlement upon any basis that the German people would think half-way reasonable. The terms said to have been outlined by the Chancellor to Ambassador Gerard (which Washington denies) would doubtless be made far less exigent if negotiations for peace were actually begun. But there is no evidence that they can be begun at present with any hope of success. The minds of the belligerents are still far apart. And as the war was brought about by a state of mind, so must peace be. Yet neither among the Allies nor in Germany can one detect the change of mental attitude which must come before peace can come.

One reason given by von Bethmann-Hollweg for suggesting an indemnity from France, as a condition of withdrawing German troops from French territory, is that the Government must have something wherewith to "satisfy the German people." This is significant. It goes deep into the whole question of peace. Until the German masses are convinced that the whole war was a gigantic blunder by their military authorities, and that its burdens and miseries are no longer supportable, no satisfactory or lasting peace can be obtained. It is just now more a question of national psychology than of great battles, though the fighting and its failure are bound to have their psychic effect. All that can be said is that if the German people are not "satisfied" to accept peace on the best conditions which are now to be had, then the war must go on until they change their mind.

The Chancellor's phrase about the German people finds many an echo in England. There, too, it is hoped to work towards peace through the German people. An able and well-informed writer in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Arthur Shadwell, warns his countrymen against cherishing the idea of "crushing" Germany. The thing cannot be done, he argues, and ought not to be done if it could be. The great thing to work and fight for is the final persuasion of the German people, under the dire pressure of war, that they themselves must not only ask for peace, but insist upon changes in their form of government and in their national aspirations and policies. And Lord Bryce, in an admirable little pamphlet which he has just published—so moderate, so poised, so without bitterness—associates himself with the view that the Allies must discriminate between the military caste in Germany and the bulk of the people. Affirms Lord Bryce:

> I cannot believe that the German people, as I have hitherto known them, ever since I studied at a German university more than fifty years ago, could possibly approve of the action of their Government if their Government suffered them to know the facts relating to the origin and conduct of the war as those facts are known to the rest of the world. We have had no hatred of the German people. We did not grudge them their prosperity. Neither have we any wish to break up Germany, destroying her national unity, or to interfere in any way with her internal politics. Our quarrel is with the German Government. We think it a danger to every peaceful country, and believe that, in fighting against its doctrines, its ambitions, its methods of warfare, we and our allies are virtually fighting the battle of all peace-loving neutral nations as well as our own.

From within Germany there is accumulating proof that an actual division exists between large civilian classes and the military power now in control of everything. Of course, there is surface unity. The deep patriotic appeal of the war resulted in a wonderful display of German solidarity. Yet

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there is evidence of growing uneasiness and suspicion. A Dutch traveller, recently in all parts of Germany, reported talking with many Germans who were appalled at the way in which their country is now ruled. A military oligarchy is absorbing all the functions of government. In alliance with the land-owning classes, it is having a roaring success, for the time being. Thoughtful Germans have come almost to dread the winning of a battle, since it means only the firmer grip of the military clique, glorying in the war as it does, and passing on from one step in arbitrary government to another. The two elements—the civil and the military—have competed with each other for mastery at different periods of the war. We have seen this in the ups and downs of the policy of ruthlessness. And the sessions of the Reichstag will undoubtedly show how much truth there is in the statement that the civilian group in the Government has asserted itself, with the Kaiser's approval, and means cautiously but persistently to work for peace.

Few among the Allies now talk of beating Germany to the earth, prostrate and helpless. It is seen that her power of resistance is enormous. But the Germans are, after all, human beings like the rest of us. They may be justified in believing that they could defend their soil from invasion for years. But they know that this would not be to win the war. They know that the losses and the taxes cannot be borne indefinitely. And when the time arrives of their full conviction that war holds out only horrors without hope, and that peace must be not only longed for but definitely sought, then we shall have that better mind of the German people which the wisest among the Allies are waiting to see manifested; and with it will come peace.

SPRING MILITARY OPERATIONS.

The renewal of a Russian offensive virtually along the entire front of nearly seven hundred miles from Riga to Czernowitz indicates for 1916 a development of operations along the same general lines as in the spring of 1915; except that the rôle of the respective combatants is reversed. In the early months of 1915 it was the Teutonic armies that stood on the defensive. The Russians attacked throughout the winter months in the Carpathians. In February the French attacked in Champagne. In March the British attacked in Artois and Flanders. By the end of March the Allied assault had spent itself, and just a month later the Austro-Germans delivered their smashing blow in Galicia, which had been in preparation even while they were defending themselves on two fronts. To-day it is the Germans that have been hitting out for nearly a month and a half against the Allied line in the west. The climax of their attack was attained three weeks ago. It is a question of days before, west of the Meuse, the situation resolves itself into the deadlock which obtains east of Verdun. The initiative will have passed to the Allies, and before long the Allied attack, which the drive upon Verdun was to anticipate, will be in motion. On the eastern front it is already under way.

The problem that confronts Germany to-day is the same problem that she faced the first day of the war. If the war is to be won on land, it must be done by crushing either France or Russia, and detaching the beaten enemy from the alliance. Three such attempts have been made. The first one, against France, failed in the battle of the Marne. The second one, against Russia, failed last autumn, in spite of the impressive Teutonic victories. The third, once more against France, is now in the process of collapse. Will the German effort be directed once more against Russia? Assume that the Central Powers might throw themselves against the Czar's armies with something of the fury of last May. Assume that the Russian lines break as they did last year. How far must the Teutonic forces push on before Russia is subdued? At least to Petrograd and Kiev. This means that in the south the Austrian armies must advance as far from their present positions as they did last spring from their lines in Galicia. And in the north it means that von Hindenburg must cover one and a half times the distance he traversed from the frontier to his present lines.

That such a development is impossible is shown by the extraordinary achievements of the Russian people during the last six months. We say people, instead of armies, advisedly. For the victories in Armenia and the latest successes on the Dniester are primarily significant for the way in which Russia has rallied under the tremendous blows of last year. Compared with her antagonists or her own allies, Russia is primitive in her economic organization, in industrial resources, and, not the least, in her governmental arrangements. It is easy to see how a highly organized and efficient state like Germany would stand up under defeat, how it would adapt itself to changing needs, and show increased resourcefulness with increasing danger. But that was hardly to be expected of lumbering, primitive Russia, with her inefficient bureaucracy. Yet the miracle has happened. She has rallied under defeat, she has borne up under the vast flood of misery, let loose by the migration of millions of inhabitants from the occupied provinces in the west. Last autumn it seemed that Russia would do all that could be expected if she merely continued to take heavy blows without utterly collapsing. Instead she is now hitting out on her own account against the enemy on the west, and at the same time developing a dramatic attack in Asia which has brought her armies to the Euphrates and within striking distance of the Persian Gulf.

With no decision to be obtained either in Russia or in the west, the only war areas that count, the Central Powers would thus be reduced to the defensive in the heavy operations about to begin. They must wait for the principal blow somewhere in France. The Russians may press forward across the Dniester and bring up once more the peril of Rumanian intervention on the side of the Allies. Even then Germany must hold her main strength in the west, where the British armies will deliver their stroke before long. Along the narrow British front of less than fifty miles there has been a heavier concentration of troops than the war has witnessed in any field. From Ypres to Arras the Germans must prepare for the onset of perhaps a million and a half men, a phalanx more formidable than that with which Mackensen broke the Russian lines last spring.

PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARIES AND THE 1916 SITUATION.

"The renomination of Mr. Wilson by the Democrats was long ago accepted as inevitable. The nomination of Mr. Hughes by the opposition looks to-day to be hardly less a certainty." So said the Boston *Transcript* a few days ago, in an editorial entitled "A Landslide for Hughes." News from Maine, to the effect that not only the delegates-at-large chosen by the State Convention last Thursday, but all the district delegates, are expected to vote for Hughes at Chicago, will confirm our Boston contemporary in its estimate of the situation. The reasons assigned for it in the editorial are polls taken in various parts of the country, from Maine to California, and among all classes of the population. Among these are

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some that have more significance than straw votes usually have; for example, a poll of the editors of country newspapers in Nebraska and in northern New York, both of which gave results overwhelmingly for Hughes. And the poll of subscribers to the *Nation* is in keeping with all this.

Evidence of this kind is by no means conclusive. Straw votes, and even votes that are so extensive as to make the appellation seem inappropriate, have a way of playing the most fantastic tricks. Do what you will, there is still great danger of incorrect sampling; and, over and above this, there is the possibility of a change of feeling before the day of decision arrives. But no one can doubt that there is, to say the least, a deep under-current of desire for Hughes throughout the country, a widespread feeling that he is the one man whose nomination by the Republicans would not only unite the party but be well received by the whole nation. This is so evident upon the face of things, and has been so distinctly recognized in the admission by leader after leader that if Hughes were in the running at all he would be the unquestionable choice of the party, that the taking of polls to demonstrate it is almost superfluous. And yet it is in the very nature of the situation that the sentiment for Hughes shall manifest itself only in these unorganized ways. He is not a candidate for the nomination, and he would not be a candidate for it if a national Presidential-primary law were in operation. Nor is this circumstance the first that has challenged attention as bearing on the capacity of the direct primary rightly to do the work of selecting a party's candidate for the Presidency. The refusal of Mr. Roosevelt—and also of Mr. Root—to allow the use of his name in primary contests was quite sufficient indication that the working of the Presidential-primary scheme is not a matter of such beautiful simplicity as many imagined three or four years ago.

Whatever form a national Presidential-primary law might give to the scheme, its fundamental purpose would be to destroy, or at least to reduce to a minimum, the power of delegates to a convention to act on the situation as they find it. Instead of an assembly gathered to arrive at a decision in the light of all the facts, and under pressure of all the forces, bearing on the question, the convention would be limited, so far as possible, to the function of mechanically registering the results of the various State primaries. How far these might be from reflecting the real state of mind of the country, such a situation as the present brings out with peculiar force. In each State, the contest takes on the peculiar character determined by local conditions, by personal ambitions, by special circumstances of organization or "preparedness"; while men of national significance like Hughes, Roosevelt, Root, do not figure at all. Nor is this an abnormal circumstance. In the case of Mr. Hughes, his position as a Justice of the Supreme Court is, indeed, both exceptional and sufficient to account for his not being in the field; but it might very easily happen that a man of the Hughes type—not to say Mr. Hughes himself—would be unwilling in any case to make a run for the nomination, and yet would be the man to whom the party as a whole would naturally turn when a chance was afforded for the party as a whole to get together. And, widely different as are the types represented by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root, they present with similar clearness the distinction between a man's claims on the party's nomination and his chances of winning in the several State primaries.

Nor is the difficulty to be ascribed by any means exclusively to our State system. The problem is in its nature too complex and too subtle to be got rid of by means of a bit of rigid mechanism. The actual play of mind upon mind is necessary for the reconcilement of conflicting considerations, for the taking into account of multiform and often unexpected factors. It often happens that some issue, which has been more or less in the air, becomes crucial at the last moment, becomes of necessity the "paramount" issue of the campaign; and this may not only make some particular man the logical candidate, but may make the candidacy of some other man, who had happened to get a majority of preferential votes in the primaries, utterly illogical and unfitting. We are fully aware of the gross defects, even gross abuses, with which our national party conventions can be justly charged. Yet it is seldom, if ever, that their action results in a clear absurdity; and precisely that is what any system we can imagine of Presidential direct primaries established by Federal law would invite as a by no means remote possibility. What tens of millions of scattered voters, acting without the means of perceiving the probable outcome of their uncoördinated movements, may accidentally grind out as the result of first choices, second choices, and what not, no man can conjecture in advance; the Convention at least knows what it is doing.

Foreign Correspondence

ARTHUR BALFOUR AND WINSTON CHURCHILL — A PARLIAMENTARY DUEL.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, March 11.

There are some, comparatively few, members of the House of Commons who sixteen years ago saw the newly elected member for Oldham, with stride curiously reminiscent of his father's, approach the table to take the oath and his seat. In his wildest day-dream none would conceive the day when he would see Col. Winston Churchill, fresh from the trenches in Flanders, rise from the front Opposition bench, nominally captained by Mr. Chaplin, to reply to a statement by Mr. Arthur Balfour, his successor at the Board of Admiralty in a coalition Government. Yet this happened on Tuesday last. The bald sentence covers a striking phase of English history, a rare romance in two lives.

One circumstance in the past week is the readiness with which the House fell into acceptance of the ex-First Lord of the Admiralty's new military title. To hear or read of him as "Colonel" Churchill at first gave pause while one considered who this might be. Before the week was three days old the title became as familiar as the name of Col. Lockwood or Major Dobbin. The fact, lost sight of amid kaleidoscopic memories of a tempestuous career, is that, in rejoining the army on active service, Winston Churchill is returning to his first love. The marine of military service as he has been of party politics, ready to go anywhere and do anything, he, a stripling of twenty-one, entered the army from Sandhurst. Twenty-one years ago, at a house party at Guisichan, Lady Randolph Churchill showed me a letter the morning mail brought. It was from her eldest son seeking her permission to go to Cuba and take part in the fighting just then starting between Spain and the United States. Nothing was more dutiful than the tone of the letter. What tickled my fancy at the time and remains in my memory to this day was the postscript. It was brief but to the point: "I have taken my passage for Cuba in Saturday's boat." Before embarking on a momentous, possibly perilous, enterprise, he sought his mother's approval, if it might be, her benediction. Meanwhile, pending receipt of them, he was off to the scene of scrimmage. Probably knowing little of the rights and wrongs of the quarrel between the two nations, he instinctively enrolled himself under the flag of the weaker.

This expedition was the beginning of a military career obscure in the public mind, if not absolutely forgotten through more brilliant successes in the political arena. On state occasions he displays on his manly breast the blazon of many medals won on stricken fields wherever war was raging. Beginning with the First Class Spanish Order of Military Merit, the glowing line continues with medals and clasps won in India, in the Sudan, and in South Africa, where he took part in most of the principal actions, including the fruitless carnage of Spion Kop.

His return to active service when the country was in danger was, in the circumstances attendant on the step, an incident calculated

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to increase his personal popularity. His fleeting return from the front this week and the speech he found occasion to deliver have given birth to mixed feelings. As usual on great initiative, the episode was fully charged with dramatic effect. Looking on and listening, one could not fail to be struck by the situation brought about in the career of either of the duellists by the whirligig of time. That Mr. Arthur Balfour, seated on the Treasury bench, a subaltern of Mr. Asquith's, a colleague with Mr. Lloyd George, should find himself called upon to defend one of the great spending departments attacked by the son of Lord Randolph Churchill, comprises within itself a plot worthy the genius of the most daringly inventive novelist.

When Winston Churchill first entered the House of Commons he naturally ranged himself on the Conservative side. So punctilious was his deference to authority that, resisting temptation to find a seat in the freer atmosphere below the Gangway, he modestly found a place back on a bench in the rear of that on which Ministers sit. Thence he rose to make his maiden speech, an effort closely followed, generously applauded by Mr. Balfour, at the time Prime Minister. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that, in course of time, say two or three years, the young member for Oldham might, with general approval, have had bestowed upon him by his father's old colleague a Lordship of the Treasury, or even an Under Secretaryship. Before his first session was over he found the atmosphere above the Gangway too enervating for his temperament. After ominous display of restlessness he was one night discovered in new quarters below the Gangway.

Upon this step a crisis followed. Mr. Lloyd George having stirred the passion of the House by a brilliant indictment of the Government, Winston Churchill rose to follow him. Whereupon a strange, unprecedented scene followed. Nothing is commoner than to see members with one accord rise from both sides and hurry from the House when a bore succeeds in catching the Speaker's eye. The oldest member could not recall an instance when a dashing speaker rising from either side, members of his party with one accord quitted the House. This was what happened to Winston Churchill on this memorable night. It was the beginning of the inevitable end. Three months later, entering the House, he stood at the bar for a few minutes surveying the scene. Then casually, as it were, instead of moving to the left to his old place in the Unionist camp, he turned to the right, seating himself below the Gangway on the Opposition side, the nest of extreme Radicals and Irish Nationalists. The die was cast, the hazard risked. Winston Churchill had finally quitted the Conservative camp and enlisted under the Liberal flag.

And here on this night of a later March he was speaking on equal terms with his first revered leader, instructing him in the art of keeping the navy up to the highest stage of perfection. In the first speech of two that have this week stirred the normally stagnant House to its depths, Mr. Balfour was studiously courteous, excessively generous in his treatment of a recalcitrant apprentice. It is noteworthy that, in referring to his critic, he never once shirked the tiresomely long reference to "my right hon. and gallant friend." In reply Col. Churchill, with equal precision, made caustic allusion to "the right hon. gentleman." Only those accustomed to parliamentary etiquette will fully understand the significance of these several modes of address. On the next day, interposing to reply to the colonel's strictures, Mr. Balfour grimly retained the elongated reference. But he had dropped all other signs of friendliness and castigated his critic with a relentless force, a polished sarcasm reminiscent of days when he was at the Irish Office and—the reference is, of course, not literal, as in the case of St. Paul—fought the beasts at Ephesus.

TWO METHODS OF WAR-MAKING—KRONPRINZ AND GEN. JOFFRE.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, March 4.

Cannon at Verdun have been firing on whole armies worse volleys than fell sixty years ago on a certain Six Hundred, at which

All the world wondered.

The outcome of it will be told by cable long before this can be read. Yet no news, whether of triumph or disaster or inefficient slaughter, can do away with the military lesson. There is a moral lesson, too, but he who runs may read it.

The present lesson is that in the conduct of this war, in marches and battles, in trench attacks and sieges, from the merest tactical aggression to these supreme strategic offensives, there have been two methods of war-making. Nothing is so striking as the use which each side seems to make of a method of its own. It is right to call one the German method and the other the French method.

The German method evidently starts from a first principle. In war, men count as cannon and ball do—they are "cannon-fodder" in the hands of the high command, instruments to win the sovereign's victory. From the early months of the war this method has been used against Verdun, in convergent attacks from the Argonne and Saint-Mihiel, and now from the Hauts-de-Meuse and the Woevre, by the army identified with the heir of the King of Prussia, who is German Emperor. In ancient designs from Egypt, we see a giant Pharaoh striding triumphant through marshlands where crowds of his infinitesimal subjects beat up the game for his slaughter. A cartoonist might copy it for what has been going on with the armies of the Kronprinz round Verdun. I know there is a more brutal way of expressing it—Count you may, but break you must, the eggs to make an omelet.

The French method quite as evidently starts from another first principle. It is true the French have had uniformly to remain on the defensive from the nature and circumstances of this war, which has been from the start a German aggression. But whether attacking or defending, in preparation or on guard, one solicitude seems to be weighing on the conscience of Gen. Joffre. How, indeed, shall his armies do that which must be done? But how shall it be done with least expenditure of the lives of his soldiers? How even shall the fewest lives be risked? The people, whose impressions are genuine because they are unsophisticated by formulas and reasoning, have from the beginning named him Père Joffre—the "Father" of the Regiment. The chronically dissatisfied, who are sophisticated by politics and self-sufficient impatience, have not failed to insinuate that he is the soldiers' "Papa."

Gen. Joffre has gone his way, and it is the way of French generals remotest from his influence—Sarrail at Salonica and Lyautey in Morocco. In the cartooning of him there is no room for a Pharaoh, because, while his is also a sovereign's army, their only sovereign is the people. And his soldiers, like himself, are "people," too, each with his share of the undivided sovereignty—the indivisible Republic. *Non est super terram potestas quæ comparetur ei,* as Hobbes said of his leviathan state—"No earthly majesty can be compared to it."

Hobbes may not have been sound on popular sovereignty, and John Locke proved against him that an absolute monarchy is not a civil society at all. For an absolute Pharaoh cannot be "a common judge with authority" to decide between himself and his subjects; and so he is really in the uncivilized state of nature with regard to them. Gen. Joffre and his soldiers are not in a state of nature where Might makes Right, but they have a common judge with authority over them all; nor are they subjects of any one, but, from highest to lowest, all are citizens free and equal alike. They have no Majesty higher than their own people, of whom they are the dearest flesh and blood and for whom they are dying so willingly. The only higher authority over them now is above Kronprinz and Pharaoh, likewise.

> He is the despots' Despot. . . .
> Beside the Kaiser he at eve doth wait
> And pours a potion in his cup of state;
> He crosseth the strong Captain in the fight;
> Nor can the Leech his chilling finger stay.
> These, in their sin, the sudden sword shall slay.
> There is no king more terrible than death.

Gen. Joffre's method is to save as many soldiers from death as he can.

Victory is the demolishing of the other's army, not of one's own. And this explains much of the French method used in this war, long drawn out, for those who look on war as perforce something happening. Enough has been happening in these battle days of Verdun—but when Death has struck his balance, his gains will not be on the French side. Whether the surplus of deaths on the German side shall help Kronprinz and Kaiser to the only victory which is worth while in war—the decisive victory—Time will tell.

Meanwhile, no matter what the result, the French method conforms not only with republicanism or democracy or any other name you may give to the existence of a country for its people; it also answers exactly Aristotle's question, "What does the state exist for?" He said it existed that its citizens might live—and therefore be protected by it—and also that they might "live well," that is, humanly and not as parts of a machine called the *Staat,* in which they are instruments to be used by some man higher up for *Kanonenfutter.*

It is strange that so many should think the present generation of Americans needs to be reminded of such elementary truths, which once broke into the street from every one of our schools. In the very days when this battle of Verdun has been going on, the Prussian Landtag has refused to hear the voice of workingmen's delegates, demanding to be heard, since they, too, fight for the state's ruler. A burgher reminded them that, if they go too far, something more than talk of law reform will answer them. "Yes, cannon!"

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said the Socialist. The American ideal once was,

> The noble craftsman we promote,
> Disown the knave and fool;
> Each honest man shall have his vote,
> Each child shall have his school.

In France, as in Germany, each child has his school, but perhaps the French method, with its care for human life, comes from each man also having his vote.

At any rate, the difference between the two methods of war-making as seen here at Verdun is vital, irreconcilable. It runs all through the opposing armies. The French officer is the comrade of his men—*mes enfants.* The German officer is his soldiers' driver, likest of all to our slave overseer before our own war, obliged to get the utmost yield from them, regardless of their lives—*Kanonen-futter!*

All this has its application elsewhere than in the heat of action, where Frenchmen have sufficiently shown they are willing to risk their lives together, from general to private, provided only they can defend the lives of their people. The difference is in taking the gambling risks of war. Eighteen months have shown that the French commanders do not gamble with their men's lives. And this is why French mothers are holding out in this war. They, too, repeat the refrain of the workmen's song, marching to battle—"It must be!"

Another and a moral difference seems to belong to the method of fighting. In the morning a German *communiqué* for native and neutral consumption was flashed across the world—"The corner-stone of Verdun's defence has been stormed." In the evening the French had it back again. On the contrary, the French *communiqués* have been limited to accomplished facts, even when unfavorable. Thus history, too, is written—by two differing methods.

THE SUGGESTED DIVISION OF CHINA—SZU-CHUAN PROVINCE.

By YONE NOGUCHI.

TOKIO, February 28.

What Yuan Shi-Kai fears is perhaps not so much the Yun-nan revolutionary army as the ominous silence of the powerful southern generals, Po Kuo-Chang, Wu Hsun, Lo Yui-Ting, and others, because this silence suggests that even their natural distaste for the youthful violence of the revolutionary army has lost its edge, in face of the far more disagreeable question of Yuan's Emperorship. Their cold neutrality may be the attitude that the intellectual classes of China, at least of southern China, are pleased to adopt. The fact that Yuan has failed to receive southern support for his design again brings forward the old question of dividing the country into two parts, north and south.

It is certainly the fixed programme of the Yun-nan revolutionary army led by Tsai E, Tan Ching-Yeh, and other young generals of progressive ambition, to gain control of Szu-chuan-sheng, one of the largest provinces, which will advance them one stage towards bringing the generals above mentioned even into practical coöperation. This Szu-chuan province is historically famous since the stirring succession of heroic deeds and marvellous strategical adventures of the period known as the Three Kingdoms (A. D. 220 to A. D. 265). Following after the old wisdom of Kung Ming, one of the aspirants to the Imperial yellow in the period of the Three Kingdoms, who, entering Szu-chuan province, planned to divide the country into three parts, Tsai E and his friends of the anti-Yuan league realize that the province, grandly protected by mountains on the four borders, completes the natural form of an independent domain. The most dangerous mountain pass in the north, called the "Plank Road of Shu" (the old name of Szu-chuan province) in the geographical writing of China, and the equally dangerous configurations in the east, give to the occupants a splendid advantage in defending themselves against the enemy. And the natural products, rice and table salt and many others in the great plain of the west stretching into the provinces Yun-nan and Keui-chou, through which the Yan-tzu-chiang runs, taking rich tribute of the four rivers (hence the name of Szu-chuan or the "Four Rivers"), are far more than sufficient to provide for the whole population of the province, sixty-eight or sixty-nine millions over an area of 218,533 square miles. This province alone is bigger by fifty thousand square miles than Japan.

The surplus of natural productions makes the two provinces, Yun-nan and Kuei-chen, practically dependencies of Szu-chuan, and the mutual interests of these three provinces are closely intertwined. Moreover, the provinces Shan-hsi and Kan-su, and some parts of Hu-nan and Hu-pei, also depend on Szu-chuan province, particularly for table salt, the annual production of which, it is said, exceeds six hundred million pounds. These table salts are the inexhaustible crops from the salt-springs scattered over the forty prefectures of the province. Besides rice and table salts, the province is rich in gold, silver, coal, and oil; when the size and wealth of the province is understood, it is not surprising to see the capital, Chi-tu, quite matching Peking in the point of population, and defying our notion of treating her as a country town.

If this great southern province ever falls into the ambitious hands of the Yun-nan revolutionary army, it would be high time to discuss seriously the question of dividing the country into two parts. When the first revolution shook the whole nation with its democratic message and the Tsin dynasty was still hesitating to pass away, this interesting question was quite in vogue among the political controversialists of Japan. But the southern revolutionists were driven to accept Yuan's proposal, which, although far from satisfactory to them, appeased in a measure their political hunger. The people of the province are mostly peace-loving and unconcerned about the form of government, and it was this that made the so-called second revolution of China fail flatly. Yuan Shi-Kai, on the other hand, who at first had no aspiration, I am sure, for Emperorship, gradually came to seek this way of concentrating the people's minds on the revival of old ethics and wisdom, since the extraordinarily progressive programme of the so-called revolutionists found no favor with conservative minds in general; and Yuan's reconciliatory attitude led him to appoint the old officials of the late Tsin dynasty to their former offices. Then, in order to meet the increased expenditure of the Government, he sold away concessions to the foreigners, only to enrage the Chinese chauvinists. Even though the action of the Yun-nan army may seem justifiable, at least in southern China, it is none the less a fact that the northern provinces are quite loyal to Yuan, whose Imperial monarchism is favorably received there. If Yuan should insist on forcing his programme upon those revolutionists who, supposing Szu-chuan province to be already fallen into their hands, are able enough to defend themselves, the formation of two different governments in China, republican and monarchical, would not be a remote contingency. To speak for Yuan Shi-Kai, all China is altogether too big for one man's grasp; it would be wise of him not to reach over the Yang-tzu-chiang into the south where republicanism is more familiar to the people's minds.

Another point is that the people of the farthest south speak a different dialect from the northern Chinese. It is absurd to make Peking the political centre to command the pulses of the nation from some parts of which it is a journey of five or six months.

The complete withdrawal of Yuan's proclamation of Emperorship, although his dignity would be much impaired, might be a way of smoothing over the present disturbance; but if the Chinese minds of the north and south are destined not to harmonize, the temporary truce that might be possible has hardly any meaning. Some people say that the base of the present revolutionary operations is neither Yun-nan nor Kuei-chen, but in Shanghai; that means that the anti-Yuan agitation is quite thorough in southern China. And that is the reason why I said at the outset that Yuan Shi-Kai entertains a far deeper fear of the ominous silence that is kept at present by the generals living in southern China; they may revolt any moment against him if the revolutionary color appears stronger. They are only Chinese who comfortably prove themselves to be political weathercocks; they go gladly with the stream.

Ireland's Attitude to the War

By HERBERT L. STEWART.

Amid the diverse views about Ireland which are so freely circulating at the present time, some interest may belong to the judgment of an Irishman who has spent nearly all his life in that country, who has been in contact with politicians of almost every type, who was on the spot during the first two months of the war, and who has eagerly followed, since returning to this side of the Atlantic, every item of news regarding the currents in his native land. The writer claims to speak simply as one whose familiarity with Ireland's recent past, and whose knowledge of the persons who count (as well as of those who do *not* count) on her public stage, enable him to interpret with a little confidence the dispatches which reach the American press.

I.

Up to date, some 145,000 Irishmen, born and living in the country, are serving with the colors. Is this a large proportion, or is it a small proportion? Is a spirit of loyalty shown by the fact that there are so many, or is the spirit of dissatisfaction shown by the fact that there are not more?

Perhaps on this question the judgment of two men, Lord Kitchener and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, should carry more weight than that of anybody else. The former de-

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clared some time ago that Ireland's reponse to the call for men had been "magnificent." This confirms what Mr. Redmond has stated again and again—that statement has not been challenged—that at the outbreak of the war Lord Kitchener expected from Ireland nothing like the number of recruits that she has actually supplied. No doubt at that time no one was able to forecast the huge dimensions to which volunteering would be required to grow. But the country has given in fresh men five times the number for which the Secretary for War told Mr. Redmond he would be "profoundly thankful."

In a recent report to Parliament, the Viceroy, Lord Wimborne, attempted to estimate the number of unmarried men of military age who remain "unattested," deducting those who are engaged in such necessary work that it would be disadvantageous for the country to call upon them. How many may be said to constitute the "reservoir" from which recruits may profitably be drawn to fill up the melancholy gaps at the front? Lord Wimborne reached the result that there are between 80,000 and 100,000. We hear—though I cannot say whether the figure has official authority—that from this reserve men are at present coming in at the rate of 1,000 per week. Certainly every effort is being made, as a glance at Irish newspapers will show, and the whole influence of the political leaders is being used to attract more volunteers.

Why, it may be asked, are there so many as 80,000 or 100,000 still outstanding? The population of the country is over four millions. One thing to remember in estimating comparative loyalties is that in Great Britain itself enough eligible men were still holding back to render necessary the Compulsory Service legislation of a few months ago. How serious the shortage must have been in men that might have come forward will be realized only by those who appreciate how much it must have cost Mr. Asquith to suspend the voluntary principle. But a special reason in the case of Ireland is the overwhelming predominance of the agricultural class. All through the United Kingdom town dwellers have offered themselves in far greater proportion than country dwellers. One may speculate upon the psychology of this; but the fact is undoubted. To a certain extent one may justify it by the need of increased production. And to a further extent it is due to the relative slowness with which a public emergency becomes understood in remote rural districts. Any one who knows the south and west of Ireland can see the force of this. Who that has ever been on the spot has not laughed at the statistical comparisons which we sometimes read, between volunteering among the Connemara bogs and volunteering in Dublin or Belfast? And who with any sympathetic imagination has not been indignant at the outcry of the Northcliffe press against the five hundred Connaught peasants who recently tried to emigrate to America? These poor day laborers were fleeing from penury as their brothers and cousins had fled before them; they probably could not have found Belgium on the map, and were quite innocent of "international obligations" or "public law." But they felt the desperateness of the life struggle in Connemara; they knew of a country beyond the seas which their friends had found hospitable, and from which grain ships had come to feed their grandfathers in the potato famine. Thus while everywhere the farming class has been slow to enlist, that part of the Empire which has only thirty-five per cent. of urban inhabitants must appear at a deceptive disadvantage in the recruiting statistics.

II.

Apart from the number of her fighting men, what signs have we of Ireland's feeling towards the Allies?

Every one knows that the Irish are exceptionally obedient to their political leaders. They show it, for example, by electing in so many cases to Parliament, without the trouble of a contest, the candidate who has been chosen at headquarters. We may think this servile docility; but at least it justifies us in estimating the general attitude from the action of the party chiefs. It is needless to quote again from the speeches of such men as Mr. Redmond, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and Sir Edward Carson. All the world knows what they have said, and that in very many cases those of them who had sons to send have given this ultimate proof of their sincerity. With one voice, and sinking all differences, they have endorsed the memorable words of the National leader: "Every Irish soldier who dies on the battlefield to-day dies for Ireland, as truly as any of Ireland's martyrs in the past." Now how far has this been reinforced by popular sentiment? Every elected body in the country—rural councils, urban councils, county councils, poor-law boards, city corporations from Antrim to Cork—can show upon the records enthusiastic approval of the cause of Great Britain. And the men on these organizations know well the temper of that public which they must meet when the poll is next taken.

How utterly negligible are the stray voices on the other side can be realized only by those who have lived in the country and know the orators. When the German press advises its readers to trust more in the representative character of Sir Roger Casement than in that of Mr. John Redmond, it simply illustrates the folly of long-distance estimates. No man in Ireland heeds Sir Roger Casement. And the "suppressed newspapers" of which one hears so much are unknown even by name to many who, like the present writer, have spent much more time than they should have spent upon the organs of party feeling.

Why, then, it may be asked, was Ireland excluded from the scope of the Military Service act? Surely for two reasons: first, because it was clear that the number of available men who could with advantage be diverted from their ordinary work was not very great, and that these were progressively offering themselves under the voluntary system; secondly, because, although an immense change had come over public sentiment in Ireland, there remained a section still unreconciled, or at least unenthusiastic, whose resentment would only be inflamed by a new coercion. The wrongs of centuries are not forgotten in a day, and some of the wrongs were not very remote. Great as has been Mr. Asquith's contribution towards healing the old wounds, some of them are still open, and they can only be closed by conciliatory treatment. Statesmen of the past, whom one could name, would of course have taken another method; but it is such "statesmen" whom we have to thank for the existence of an Irish problem at all. Some newspapers, particularly in Ulster, would just now be doing a world of harm, if it were not for the fortunate circumstance that their circulation is so small. An acute critic remarked at the commencement of the war that "each party in Ireland would give its boots to prove that the other is pro-German." And even to-day there are not wanting those who would make personal capital out of the country's crisis. A Unionist paper some time ago gravely suggested among the causes of this world-catastrophe the sin of the British people in supporting a Home Rule Administration. It was a semi-religious organ in which this appeared, and as the idea no doubt proceeded from a clergyman, it is not for the present writer to criticise its theological value. But surely the outraged Belgian nuns must regard such a dispensation as rather one-sided! However, one is thankful to see that the really influential guides of the public, such as the newly appointed Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, are frowning upon the spirit of party, and eagerly fostering the spirit of coöperation and of gratitude.

III.

Can any one be so obtuse as to miss the moral of Ireland's position? How else could she have behaved when she had received for the first time the pledge of British goodwill, when she had accepted at the hands of the British democracy irrefragable evidence of a sincere desire to turn down the old pages of coercion, and to begin a new page of freedom? She trusted Mr. Asquith as she never trusted any other Englishman except Mr. Gladstone, and he proved true to her confidence. At the very moment of the consummation of her hopes, Ireland saw a cause strikingly similar to her own challenged by men hardly less similar to her old oppressors. And she was called upon to cement her newborn British loyalty in the ordeal of blood. Who that knows her chivalrous spirit in the past could have doubted her choice?

Among those whom Ireland has sent forth to the war are many who, misled, as the writer believes, through religious animosities, have so far been hostile to their country's national feeling. But let no one suppose that she is less proud of the heroic followers of Sir Edward Carson than she is of those who have answered the call of the United Irish League. If they will not own her she refuses to disown them. The Inniskilling Fusiliers are drawn largely from Protestant and Unionist families, but the Nationalists of the south cherish their exploits not less than those of the Connaught Rangers or the Irish Guards. The magnificent recruiting figures of Belfast are as welcome to them as the equally magnificent figures from Dublin, or the almost unique figures from Waterford. Ireland refuses to distinguish at this hour among her children; she nurses the hope that out of comradeship on the field will emerge a new comradeship at home, that those who together fought and bled at Anzac or at Suvla Bay will feel when they return to the "old sod" that they can never be other than brethren. Despite the efforts of rancorous partisans, fearful for that influence which they can exert only in a divided nation, this result will surely come to pass. "God save Ireland" and "God save the King" used to be regarded there as party tunes; but their strains were mingled as regiments of men accustomed to them both charged the machine guns of the Germans at Mons. They will blend once more as these men come back, forever assured that blessings upon the King are at the same time blessings upon Ireland.

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The Ninety-first Academy

Under the new administration, the Academy makes more attractive shows. It is not that many notable pictures get into any particular exhibition, that is in the nature of the case impossible, but there is in this spring Academy a much better mixture than used to prevail. Partly, it is due to the sparing display, mercifully so, of perfunctory portraiture, partly to the appearance of big figure pieces of Salon type—Max Bohm, Louis Mora, and Horatio Walker in the present instance—which even when not thrilling individually help out the hanging of a gallery. This general attractiveness is a most necessary feature of a stated exhibition, and the Academy is to be congratulated on the steps it is taking towards this properly businesslike ideal.

Fresh from the monotony of the Forum Exhibition at the Anderson Galleries, the relative variety of the Academic work especially struck me. In the realm of man and nature are many mansions. Monotony is the prerogative of the inwardly turned mind. I liked the way in which the quite analytic methods of Eakins, Kendall, and Cox, and Hugo Ballin held their own amid the more swiftly conceived works. There are very few deep or exquisite sensations of art to be got from the exhibition, but it shows a wholesome level of competence on which something may be built.

The Thomas B. Clarke prize for the best figure composition was bestowed on The Peacock Girl, by Edwin F. Church. A certain nervous intensity in the brushing and a kind of discretion in the garishness of the color make the canvas interesting. It has the untranslatable quality of *sprezzatura*, a fastidious disdain. The Hallgarten prizes were awarded, the first to Arthur Crisp's very decorative The Strollers, the second to R. Sloan Bredin's Afternoon, the third to John Folinsbee's Winter Quiet. The Saltus Medal was given to Emil Carlsen's luminous and impressive sky-piece, Moonlight on a Calm Sea. I could wish that those who talk learnedly about abstract motion dissociated from particular forms would study the balance of abstraction and representation in this picture. It may be taken quite literally as a sublimated portrait of a particular effect of illumination, or as a symbol of the reverberation of light radiating amid rising clouds. I suppose most good art has thus been both symbol and representation, and that the attempt to make it wholly either is doomed to failure. The Inness Medal, for the best landscape, which this year carries with it the New Altman Prize, was given to Charles Rosen for the brook scene, called Winter Sunlight. I have seen better Rosens, but I know of few contemporary landscape painters who have held a straighter and in the finest sense more intelligent course than Rosen, so I rejoice in his receiving the highest honor open to an American landscape painter. Ernest Lawson received the second landscape prize for his The Pigeon Coop, in which he fairly outdoes the spring-like succulence for which his pictures are rightly famous. The Isaac N. Maynard Prize for the best portrait was conferred on William T. Smedley for his portrait of Miss C. B. R. Josephine M. Lewis received the Julia A. Shaw Prize for the best contribution by a woman, for her mellow and rather Hawthorne-like interior, A Rainy Day.

Of the figure pieces we have noted a few of the larger that help the general effect. There is more pleasure to be taken in so keen and sensitive a bit of realism as Arthur P. Spear's Food. One sees the busts of hungry men at a quick lunch against the light which pours in through the big window. It is a fine study, with the gravity and concentration of a Kroyer. Very intimate and delightful is a little dark canvas, The Spinners, by Thomas Eakins. Frederick Waugh, the marine painter, offers a surprise in a skilful decorative arrangement of nudes, called The Blue Cascade. Hugo Ballin's Sorrow is dignified in arrangement and rich in color.

George Bellows seems to me merely confused and over-emphatic in the garish canvas representing an evangelistic frenzy—The Sawdust Trail. It is rather a huddling together of capital sketches than a picture. At least it is rich in content, and this can hardly be said for Horatio Walker's De Profundis. It seems to me a picture of such badness that the fact should be stressed. Whether the forcing of the sentiment or the sweet and sticky workmanship is most disagreeable, I leave to the competent to decide.

Personally, I think Jerome Myer's Childhood and Eugene Higgins's Bent Forms, tiny, unpretentious pictures, but beautifully clear in intention and broadly and vigorously carried through, worth all the rest of the figure pieces.

Among the portraits Chase's Miss Mary and Louis Betts's excellent likeness of Ben Foster have similar merits of freshness and directness of vision. Very similar in mood but even more dashing in workmanship is Ben Ali Haggins's vision in white, Miss Bonnie Glass. Ivan Olinsky, who brings a slower and more reflective mood and a richer and deeper color, shows two portrait arrangements. They are very sensitive as personal interpretations of young womanhood, and quite exquisite as workmanship. One would be willing to let a friend be painted by Mr. Olinsky, and this can by no means be said of all the devotees of the square touch. Of similar reflective temper is E. B. Dielman's head of Edward McGruar. In this class the president's contribution, A Disciple of Grolier, is easily first. Even Alden Weir has rarely given so penetrating a sense of temperament as in this woman, in whom a fine dilettantism struggles with some commanding austerity of soul. Just as form it is marvellously asserted, and quite dominates its wall.

What strikes me most in the landscapes is the skill with which certain of the veterans draw what they need from the newer painting, but without panic or extravagance. In fact, it causes some doubt about the value of the brusquer polychromy to see how justly artists like C. H. Davis, Ben Foster, Leonard Ochtman, W. Lathrop, and Charlotte Comans assert themselves as the masters in this group. They are less amusing than some of the youngsters, such as Ettore Caser and Roy Brown, but they see their picture more firmly, and they have whatever advantage there may be in representing an American and not an exotic mood. This is true also of such hardy perennials as Walter Palmer and Bruce Crane, but they show less capacity for growth.

Chauncey F. Ryder, who in the Hills of Lyndeboro shows a stately and delightfully composed landscape, stems from this conservative American school. Childe Hassam, Gardner Symons, and Jonas Lie represent a more specialized and less reflective type of luminism. Midway between the two manners is Hayley Lever's admirable picture, Dawn. The subject is a marine basin. The people and the fresh wind of dawn are pouring down upon the stranded boats. The blue night mist still hangs between the cliffs. There is a sharp and lovely poetry in the thing, and the mere painting is more reticent and expressive than in Mr. Lever's more recent work. No other marine painting in the exhibition seems to me of equal significance, unless it be Carlsen's prize picture. But Howard Russell Butler's skilful records of the Maine coast will attract many visitors, while the picturesque arrangement of Elmer F. Hudson's Fishing Schooner gives it a certain quiet distinction on its wall.

Ernest Lawson has never struck the vernal note more lyrically than in his two contributions. But a proper appreciation of his flexible and always growing gift is matter for an essay, not for brief mention. Of the landscapes in general I was most interested in Paul King's meadow scene with horses, an odd and impressive blend of the rusticity of Cottet and the stylism of Puvis. I mean naturally to imply nothing as to the origin of the work, but simply to offer descriptive analogies. Carlson's wood interior has the fine scale and something of the succulence of color that one associates with the best experiments of Inness in these sylvan themes. It seemed to me, everything considered, the finest landscape in the show, with a little snow scene by Walter Goltz as a good second.

In the category of still life we have the strong and delicate study of Dutch bottles, which might be a fine Emil Carlsen were it not signed by his fourteen-year-old son, Dines Carlsen. So specific a transmission of talent ought to engage the pundits of heredity. Somewhat reluctantly I include Pearson's decorative arrangement of wild ducks on a gnarled stump in this class. It is just the over-elaboration of this very skilful design which gives it the suggestion of some marvellous museum specimen calculated to make one know the wild birds. Further study of the Japanese models which in-

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spire such a work may show the artist the right decorative economy. To study the considerable exhibition of portrait miniatures there was no time, and of the sculpture nothing deeply impressed me except two portrait busts—Sergeant Kendall's alert and austere portrait of a woman, called Quest, an admirable example of successful polychromy on wood, and Chester Beach's terra-cotta head of a child, Constantine, also happily touched with color. The most ambitious contribution is the group of bronze busts of C. C. Conway's children by Cartaino Scarpitta.

For the more poignant and intimate impressions of art one does not go to any kind of public fixture. Yet under the conditions in which the artist finds himself in the world, the exhibitions seem to be necessary. The National Academy is very moderate in the assertion of prerogative for its members, quite reasonably liberal in acceptance of the work of newcomers, increasingly skilful in making the best use of its scanty accommodations. It has been suggested that the Academy should hang everything that comes along—Futurist, Synchromist, what not. This seems to confuse the functions of an Academy with those of a press agency. The business of an Academy is not to lead the radical movements, but to take account of them intelligently with some guidance from the common-sense which the craft has funded in the past in the form of tradition. Academies, of course, have a tendency to grow stiff and stale—especially Royal Academies. The National Academy, in maintaining shows of good level like the present, seems to me to be doing well the public-spirited work for which it was originally founded. To do that work still better it only wants a more generous measure of public support. F. J. M., Jr.

Notes from the Capital

JACOB H. GALLINGER.

If any one in Congress can be said to "be all things to all men," it ought to be one whose record reveals him as a German by ancestry, a Canadian by birth, a printer by trade, a physician by profession, a poet by courtesy, a militia general by grace of a Governor's commission, a Representative in Congress, a Senator of twenty-five years' experience, and an octogenarian who does not drink or smoke or diet. Such a combination is Jacob H. Gallinger, senior Senator from New Hampshire. After reviewing his antecedents, it is not difficult to understand his apparently unrelated attitudes towards Mexico on the one hand and the belligerents of Europe on the other, or his reported uncertainty as to the stand taken by Bryan on recent questions.

Gallinger is to-day perhaps the most distinguished standpatter among the Republicans in Congress, except "Uncle Joe" Cannon. He has not Cannon's quickness of wit or his social gifts, but he makes the most of what he has. Since Aldrich and Hale dropped out, he has endeavored in a way to fill the gap they left, and would undoubtedly have been President pro tempore of the Senate had that chamber remained in Republican control. His career illustrates how much accident has to do with human affairs. If he had not been one of twelve children started in life on a Canadian farm which wearied him with its loneliness, he might never have aspired to push out into the world and thus been apprenticed to the printer of a country newspaper. If an uncle who was a physician had not stirred his youthful admiration, he might not have saved his wages, removed to Cincinnati, and worked his way through a medical college there by spending most of every night at a compositor's case. Had he not, during this period, become acquainted with a New Hampshire girl who was visiting in the West, it might never have occurred to him to seek a wife among the New England hills; and had she not injured her ankle just as they were getting ready to join the tide of emigration for the frontier "to grow up with the country," he might not have become a citizen of New Hampshire. But for being called upon to recite an original poem at some rustic festivity, he might never have discovered his bent for oratory and thus drifted into politics. On his voluntary retirement, after a term or two in the House, to resume practice as a physician in his New Hampshire home, there seemed still a chance for him to break through this fortuitous chain of fate; but when the local politicians, having grown used to hobnobbing with him, flooded his office so as to leave him scant time to look after his patients, he decided that further resistance would be fruitless, and surrendered.

The spider-like Chandler and the bearded Blair constituted then the Senatorial span from the Granite State. Blair was nearing the end of one term, and so sure of another that some of his friends were imprudent enough to sneer at Gallinger's ambition to succeed him. Here was the accident that decided the Doctor to plunge in and win at any cost. Blair and Chandler united forces to obstruct his progress, but in vain. They were fighting at the disadvantage of old blood against new; moreover, Chandler had the powerful railway interests arrayed in opposition to him, and Blair had a record of some length and many eccentricities to defend. Gallinger proved too strong for such a combination, and in 1891 he won the chair which he has held ever since.

Naturally, having a professional prefix to his name, Gallinger has always been in demand to pass judgment on measures affecting medical and sanitary regulations; and in spite of his continued protests that he has retired from practice, every clerk, doorkeeper, or page at his end of the Capitol has felt free to appeal to him to cure a headache or relieve a sore toe. It has been a grievous nuisance, but has had its alleviation now and then in a bit of fun. One day a policeman suddenly fell unconscious in the Senate corridor, and the frightened bystanders sent in for Gallinger, who had him carried into a neighboring committee-room, ordered restoratives, and took up the work of a temporary nurse till he could be removed to his home. On his recovery, the patient called on Gallinger and asked for his bill. Gallinger solemnly wrote on a sheet of paper two ciphers, a decimal point, and two more ciphers. A brother Senator, looking over his shoulder, exclaimed to some others standing near:

"Now I understand what I never did before. If that's the way Gallinger practiced medicine, I don't wonder he gave it up for politics!"

As an old-fashioned partisan, Gallinger has always been counted among the most critical opponents of civil service reform. He broke with President Harrison over a question of patronage, and thereafter refused all the President's invitations to the White House. He once delighted the spoilsmen in the galleries by a speech ridiculing the regulation requiring candidates for the Railway Mail Service to submit to a heart-test by hopping a certain distance on one leg—an indiscretion of which the reformers took advantage to ridicule his pretensions to a medical education; and he underwent investigation for his alleged responsibility for a circular soliciting political contributions from Federal office-holders in New Hampshire. Two years ago he added to his other accomplishments an essay in prophecy. Forecasting the Presidential campaign of 1916, he declared that the central question over which the great parties would struggle would be the tariff, with "watchful waiting" for one of the interesting side-issues. Hughes he then considered the coming Republican candidate, while "Whitman, the graft-hunter," might overstep State boundaries and become a national figure and a "possibility" of some consequence.

TATTLER.

Correspondence

MR. BELLOC ON NUMERICAL CALCULATIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I see in your issue of February 19 the remark that "Nothing can be more futile than the game of exhausting Germany and bringing her to her knees by means of the multiplication table."

This statement presupposes that the statistics arrived at by the intelligence departments of the various armies tell with particular violence against Germany. As you bring my name into these statements, I think it as well to point out the following, which are not opinions or calculations, but facts:

First: A whole great department, and perhaps the most important, of every headquarters staff occupied in this great war, is concerned with nothing else but the estimation of losses in its own ranks, among its allies, and among its enemies; coupled with an estimation of recruiting power. It is the one fundamental thing upon which all judgment of a campaign, especially of a prolonged campaign, turns.

Secondly: All calculations having any sort of authority arrive at a rate of wastage much the same for all the combatants: a thing which would from another aspect be reasonable, or rather obvious, from the nature of the war. The only conspicuous exception to this is the lack of proportion between the number of Russians taken prisoners by the Austro-Hungarians compared with the number of Austro-Hungarians taken prisoners by the Russians; the former category is to the latter, I believe, in the proportion of about 17 to 10.

Thirdly: No one on the Allied side is concerned with "exhausting Germany" by this method. The Allies are concerned with beating Germany, Austria-Hungary (which at one moment was very close to making a separate peace, and may be again), Bulgaria, and Tur-

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key. The German Empire single-handed would not have dreamed of those sudden declarations of war, the results of which have turned out so very differently from what was taken for granted at Berlin.

I think I may add what I should have thought was a commonplace to educated men, that the rate of enemy wastage, though it cannot possibly be known to a few units, is perfectly well known to within an error of ten per cent. one way or the other, just as our rate of wastage is certainly known to the enemy.

The fact that a very large number of private calculations governed by every sort of bias (to promote recruiting, to upset particular politicians, or what-not), differ among themselves and are often individually absurd, has surely no connection with the enormous, detailed, and invaluable work which the great general staffs have undertaken.

I will not occupy your space with further references to other remarks in the same connection. If you will give me room for another letter, I think I can show you that the conception of only 820,000 Germans present at the battle of the Marne has no relation to reality; and that the conception of the German Empire as having "a million young recruits" to add to her forces between the present moment and February, 1917, is equally wild.

The numerical argument against the Austro-German-Bulgarian-Turkish alliance is perfectly clear and as fully appreciated by the enemy as by ourselves. It is simply that, while the rate of wastage is very much the same in all the services engaged, those services do not represent in the case of the Alliance the total recruiting field. The number of men already organized, trained, and armed against the Central Empires and their allies is much greater than the total number remaining at the disposition of the Central Empires; and behind that majority, already organized, trained, and armed, there is a very large reserve of manpower not yet even called. No one pretends that mere superiority of existing numbers decides a war, but what every competent student of the war recognizes is that, so long as the campaign is reduced to the same type as it has maintained for these eighteen months, the comparative exhaustion of man-power is heavily against the Central Empires. Hence the Austro-German attempt to break out at Ypres, their attempt to destroy the Russian organization and to obtain a decision in the east, and their present attempt, not yet decided, against the centre of the French line.

H. Belloc.

Horsham, England, March 12.

[We quite agree with Mr. Belloc's principal contentions. When he speaks of the established rate of wastage as being much the same for all the combatants, he emphasizes a truth too often overlooked in the partisan calculations which usually assume that Germans fall in battle, but Frenchmen do not, and the other way about. And he touches on the heart of the question when he says that "so long as the campaign is reduced to the same type as it has maintained for these eighteen months, the comparative exhaustion of manpower is heavily against the Central Powers." Given the figures of population arrayed against each other, the Allied advantage is obvious; and it is this very consideration that renders it unnecessary to enter into minute calculations involving birth-rates, mortality rates, service classes, emigration, immigration, and other items which in this connection are almost an unknown quantity. The mathematical argument against Germany is too often uncalled for, if for no other reason than that the Germans before the war readily admitted that numbers would be against them, and that they looked to superior organization and morale to overcome the handicap. We shall certainly be glad to hear from Mr. Belloc again.—Ed. The Nation.]

PROHIBITION IN OHIO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Is not the *Nation* mistaken when it states in "Ups and Downs of Prohibition" (March 16, 1916, pp. 303-4) that "Ohio put a prohibition amendment in her Constitution" in 1851? When the Constitution was submitted to a vote that year, a separate proposition, "No license to traffic in intoxicating liquors shall hereafter be granted in this State, but the General Assembly may by law provide against evils resulting therefrom," was submitted and adopted. This remained in the Constitution until 1913, when the present section 9, article xv, authorizing the enactment of laws granting license to traffic in intoxicating liquors went into effect. Prohibition has been defeated twice since 1912, *viz.*, in 1914 and 1915. Under the 1851 Constitution, although licenses were prohibited, the Supreme Court upheld a $1,000 annual liquor tax.

Max B. May.

Cincinnati, March 22.

[The amendment of 1851 was, on its face, virtually a prohibition amendment, although it took the form of prohibiting, not the manufacture and sale of liquor, but licenses to sell it. While it remained in the Constitution until 1913, it had been greatly weakened, not only by the decision of the Supreme Court referred to by our correspondent, but also by the passage of the Dow law in 1886.—Ed. The Nation.]

JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRACY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your columns a few weeks ago there appeared a review of Professor Beard's suggestive volume on the "Economic Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy." The reviewer quoted with approval the author's assertion that President Jefferson "was prepared to set himself up as a sort of high tribunal, and declare null and void, as unconstitutional, an act of Congress duly passed and approved." This assertion is based upon what Professor Beard calls "an astounding passage" in a manuscript copy of Jefferson's first message to Congress, a passage which was struck out before the document was sent to Congress. The act of Congress referred to is the famous Sedition Act of July 14, 1798. The words of Jefferson are these: "On my accession to the administration, reclamations against the Sedition Act were laid before me by individual citizens claiming the protection of the Constitution against the Sedition Act. Called on by the position in which the nation had placed me to exercise in their behalf my free and independent judgment, I took that act into consideration, compared it with the Constitution, viewed it under every respect of which I thought it susceptible, and gave it all the attention which the magnitude of the case demanded. On mature deliberation, in the presence of the nation, and under solemn oath which binds me to them, and to my duty, I do declare that I hold that act to be in palpable and unqualified contradiction to the Constitution. Considering it, then, as a nullity, I have relieved from oppression under it those of my fellow-citizens who were within the reach of the functions confided to me. In recalling our footsteps within the limits of the Constitution, I have been actuated by a zealous devotion to that instrument."

It seems to have escaped the notice of both author and reviewer that this act expired by limitation on March 3, 1801 (*Statutes at Large*, Vol. I, 597), before Jefferson was inaugurated. Is it not rather beside the mark to say that Jefferson "was prepared to do what John Marshall did two years later in Marbury vs. Madison"; that is, refuse to enforce an act repugnant to the Constitution? So far as I know, the Supreme Court has never committed the absurdity of declaring null and void an act which had already expired. Is it not probable that what Jefferson proposed was to relieve his fellow-citizens from prosecutions begun but not concluded before the act expired? The last clause of the act reads: "*Provided*, that the expiration of the act shall not prevent or defeat a prosecution and punishment of any offence against the law, during the time it shall be in force." By virtue of his power to reprieve and pardon, the President could free those who were suffering from prosecutions under an act which he and they believed to have been in palpable contradiction to the Constitution from the beginning.

It seems probable that an early draft of this message contained the suggestion that Congress should make a declaration against the Sedition Act, and should offer compensation to sufferers under that act. On November 14, 1801, President Jefferson asked Albert Gallatin to examine a draft of his first message, and to comment freely upon it. In the notes which Gallatin made there are these two items: "*Sedition Act:* The idea contained in the last paragraph had struck me; but to suggest its propriety to the Legislature appears doubtful. Are we sure of a Senatorial majority originally opposed to that law? *Quere*, as to Foster." "*Progress of opinion, etc.:* Is it perfectly right to touch on that subject? It appears to me more objectionable than the doubtful paragraph relative to compensation to sufferers under Sedition Act."

Allen Johnson.

Yale University, March 1.

["What John Marshall did . . . in Marbury vs. Madison" was to hold, first, that the authority given to the Supreme Court, by the Judiciary Act of 1789, to issue writs of mandamus to public officers, was not warranted by the Constitution; and, secondly, that "a jurisdiction so conferred" could not properly be exercised by the Court. Professor Beard's reference to Jefferson, which Professor Johnson quotes at the beginning of his letter, is followed in the text by the sentence: "That he [Jefferson] treated the law in fact as null and void by refusing to execute it against his friends is well known,

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but that he was prepared to do what John Marshall did two years later in Marbury vs. Madison," etc. A fair reading of the entire passage seems to us to make reasonably clear that Professor Beard's reference to Marbury vs. Madison concerns the question of constitutionality, and not the question of enforcing an unconstitutional act. Moreover, if the Supreme Court had had under consideration an act which, although it had expired by limitation, had actually been enforced, and under whose terms prosecutions already begun were not to be defeated by the expiration of the act, would it have been an "absurdity" for Marshall to have pronounced the act null and void, if on that ground he had concluded that pending prosecutions ought to be dropped?—ED. THE NATION.]

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The March number of the *Educational Review* includes a contribution on the affairs of the American Association of University Professors, dated from Chicago and signed "A Looker-On in Babylon." In this contribution the writer quotes liberally from the letter of Professor MacDonald, published last January in the *Nation*, and draws therefrom an inference and a moral.

The inference is as to the prospective demise of the Association. The moral is that the cause of its moribund condition—which the Looker-On deplores with well-tempered sorrow—is that the conduct of the Association has been left in the hands of those who are incompetent in business matters and in organization—namely, the well-meaning professors who devote themselves to mere instruction and research.

Of the justice of the inference from Professor MacDonald's letter he is the best judge. Speaking for myself, I have no hesitation in saying, irrespective of Professor MacDonald's intent or belief in the matter, that the report of the death of the Association is, as in the case of Mark Twain, much exaggerated. But in addition to a false premise as to the state of the Association, the Looker-On has based his explanation of the alleged fact upon a misstatement. May, then, one who dwells in the secluded calm of mere teaching correct the errors of one whom the noises of Babylon have confused? The Looker-On starts from an assumption that the Association excludes from its membership "those university professors who are either temporarily or permanently occupying administrative posts." This means, to that writer, all who have ability in the transaction of business and the organization of affairs. Hence the approaching smash of the Association. As a matter of fact, the constitution includes no such rule. Many professors occupying administrative posts are members of the Association. Some of them have lent active and valuable aid in its affairs, serving as chairmen of committees, etc.

The Looker-On will be compelled, therefore, to guess again as to the cause of the condition which he so deplores. If any ribald professor who is a mere teacher is inclined to counter with the suggestion that the misstatement of fact about the constitution of the Association upon which the lament is based shows that those who are devoted to the work of transacting the business of our educational institutions are thereby rendered "incompetent" to investigate simple matters of fact, or else "unused" to the task, I beg him to desist. His logic would only be upon the level of that of the Looker-On. Moreover, there is a clause in the Constitution which reads that "No administrative officer who does not give a substantial amount of instruction shall be eligible for membership." Hence the Looker-On may retort that a substantial share in the unbusiness-like business of teaching and research inevitably causes those engaged in the business-like business of administration to deteriorate—to say nothing of the effect of enforced association upon a plane of equality with other mere teachers.

Turning to serious fact, may I say that the affairs of the Association, under the auspices of President Wigmore and Secretary Tyler, are proceeding most vigorously and prosperously? Fifteen committees of inquiry, most of them dealing with important educational matters, are now formed, and a monthly bulletin has been established. Plans for regional chapters are making.

JOHN DEWEY.

New York City, March 16.

PROFESSORS' PAY AT WISCONSIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are always in university faculties many men who have (or whose wives have) independent means, and who are therefore not dependent upon their salaries for their entire means of living. But the vast majority of us are absolutely dependent upon our husbands' salaries as our sole incomes, and we find life a vain striving to live within these incomes and at the same time to live in any degree up to the standards which are imposed by the ideals of living in a university community.

My husband is a teacher here at the University of Wisconsin. Our salary has averaged $100 a month for the twelve months of each year during the last six years we have been here, starting with $1,000 a year and receiving each year the slow and tantalizing increase of $100. This salary, to begin with, was in no degree commensurate with the standard of living expected of faculty people, and the yearly increase has scarcely kept up with the increased cost of mere living here in Madison. As a result, like a very great many others in the same position, we have but one child, and cannot, so long as salaries remain what they are, see our way to having more.

In the university world, unless, as I hinted before, one is fortunate enough to be endowed, one pays the price of respectability for children. I have an instance in mind—that of an instructor who received $1,400 last year. On this salary this man could barely support his wife and three children. When his last child was born he was unable to pay the doctor's bill. His wife has never found it possible to afford a wash-woman; her husband himself did the family washing while the baby was little. (Nor is this an uncommon instance of domestic chivalry: many university families, even those of professors, expecting never to receive an adequate salary, have had to scrimp even in this matter of menial help in order to put something by for their old age.) An act of this kind, of course, reflects much credit upon a professor as husband of his wife and father of his children, but what dignity does it reflect upon the university in which as a teacher he instructs the sons and daughters of the richest men of the State—young men and women who often spend on their own personal support in the school-year of nine months more than he is permitted to spend on the proper care of his family for the whole twelve?

When such conditions exist it seems there must be some direful and ignorant malappropriation of means in our institutions of learning. Surely our prosperous democracy should be able to support her universities in a way consonant with the dignity of their calling. What short-sightedness to expect a teacher to give of his intellectual and spiritual best when he is harassed by money matters or perhaps comes to his class fresh from doing the family washing! Moreover, what penny-wiseness on the part of the State to make it impossible for men in whose care it entrusts its higher education to have children! Although the sacrfice involved here touches the woman most nearly, because in being robbed of her children she is robbed of her profession, in the end it is a sacrifice which involves the welfare of the State in robbing it ultimately of those who would rank among its most achieving citizens.

The University of Wisconsin has already shown much foresight in paying well its teachers in the College of Agriculture; men who are proficient in the proper breeding of hogs, cabbages, etc., are paid a much higher salary than he receives who is equally capable of breeding in the minds of students a capacity for clear, straightforward thinking, an interest in universal truths, a delight in reading poetry, and an appreciation of those intangible rewards which the pursuit and love of wisdom for its own sake will bring to them. The State does reap and will reap a vast return in wealth for this foresightedness, and a great and acknowledged fame among the landowners of its dominion. Is it too much to hope that being so well satisfied in that which is external it may soon awaken to an interest in reaping a more desirable harvest—a harvest, alas (and here is its disadvantage in our material democracy) which cannot be put into statistics for purposes of productive advertising, for

'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold?

A FACULTY WIFE.

Madison, Wis., March 14.

SHELLEY AND SPINOZA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter to the *Nation* printed in the issue of February 10, Prof. A. R. Benham, of the University of Minnesota, cites a number of passages from Shelley's biographers and others demonstrating that the poet was acquainted with the writings of Spinoza. Professor Benham was prompted to write by the remark of Professor Santayana: ". . . if Shelley had had time to read Spinoza," etc., in his essay on Shelley in "Winds of Doctrine."

It might be of interest to Professor Benham and to Professor Santayana to know that the subject of Shelley's knowledge of Spinoza and the nature of the philosopher's influence on the poet is fully treated in "Der Spinozismus in Shelley's Weltanschauung," by Sophie Bernthsen, a German university doctorate study, of between one and two hundred pages, published in 1900. LOUISE POUND.

University of Nebraska, February 29.

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Literature

THE COLOURS OF WAR.

Fighting France. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1 net.

Roadside Glimpses of the Great War. By Arthur Sweetser. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Vive La France! By Alexander Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1 net.

Day by Day with the Russian Army. By Bernard Pares. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50.

Colours of War. By R. C. Long. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The rôle of the war correspondent has been largely modified in the present world war, but a more direct contribution has been made to his hitherto stereotyped art. In the heyday of his fame the brevity of a campaign placed a premium upon his terse style: a vivid eye and the ability to translate a scene of action to the urban breakfast table were gifts which he perfected, but which have since been usurped by the ubiquitous camera, the wireless, and the field telephone. The exigencies of modern warfare have robbed us of his crackling style, and the extended fronts of action present a complex that only an official "eye-witness" at general headquarters is able intelligently to unravel. But a more limited and intimate picture of the nation at war has resulted, of its civilian morale, and the politico-economic factors behind its armies.

Thus the present European campaigns have bred a school chary of strategic divination, but more observant of a nation adjusting at sudden need its internal economies, providing men and munitions, apparently changing its traditional characteristics, and exhibiting traits unsuspected or undeveloped until the crisis which called them forth. From the point of view of literature the new school is chiefly valuable to the historian; for never before perhaps were social, economic, and military problems so thoroughly aired en route. Despite a more rigid censorship, unknown to Russell in the Crimean War, the elements of victory or defeat are now discernible soon after a campaign is launched. Thus, if a guild existed before the present war, what would Dick Heldar and his doughty friends in "The Light that Failed" have to say of the latest recruits to their ranks? Doubtless, their ready scorn would supplement the chagrin of the present-day censor and general before the amazing cloud of witnesses, often irresponsible and unauthorized, that the precipitate campaigns have caught in their net together with a bewildered and pathetic peasantry. The pen of a Stephen Crane could alone discover its elements of humor.

Certainly one of the notable contributions of this new school is Mrs. Wharton's. Her experience as a novelist sharpens her sympathetic and acute understanding of the French people at war. Her pages offer a complete study of their temper, a more artistic perspective of their harried landscape. The mere recording of the adventurous fact, in so far as it appealed to Mr. Sweetser and, in a measure, to Mr. Powell, is alien to her method of vision. Her dignified scrutiny of all the values in this phenomenal condition of a people she loves is none the less made ancillary to the great crisis that has called out the qualities she admires. Flashes of intuition displayed under the unusual experience of being under fire are quite as illuminating as those that give us the look of Paris in war-time. Mrs. Wharton alone succeeds in translating the core of each experience while she adumbrates her reactions. The chapter on The Tone of France synthetizes the many fluent pages we have absorbed since the battle of the Marne. While watching the crowds about the captured German guns in the courtyard of the Invalides she remarks:

> It is not fanciful to say that the Parisian face, after six months of trial, has acquired a new character. The change seems to have affected the very stuff it is moulded of, as though the long ordeal had hardened the poor human clay into some dense commemorative substance. I often pass in the street women whose faces look like memorial medals—idealized images of what they were in the flesh. And the masks of some of the men—those queer tormented Gallic masks, crushed-in and squat and a little satyr-like—look like the bronzes of the Naples Museum, burnt and twisted from their baptism of fire. But none of these faces reveals a personal preoccupation: they are looking, one and all, at France erect on her borders.

In the transition to Messrs. Powell, Long, and Pares we are immediately conscious of reverberations from the defunct school. Here are examples of that realistic impressionism, wonderfully handled and made classic by the late George W. Steevens, oddly tempered by that vague, sincere altruism, a sort of valetudinarian interest in the fighting man, that is characteristic of Mr. Henry W. Nevinson. The case of Mr. Sweetser is irrelevant, not the only one in the present war, and with them it belongs in the fiction of Stephen Crane. Not merely because of his youth and inexperience does he suffer in comparison with the more practiced pen of Mr. Powell. Possessed of the traditional "nerve" and irresponsibility of the average American reporter, Mr. Sweetser makes the conventional "toothbrush-and-passport" start from Boston immediately the Austrian ultimatum reaches Servia, and thereafter his frenzied efforts are favored of that same god of chance that has befriended older and wiser men in peril. The wonder that he was not shot he naïvely shares with his readers, and that wonder appears to have wrought a wholesome clarifying of his haphazard impressions before his tutelary genius returned him unscathed to Boston. Frequently lost, and a perpetual nuisance both to French and German combatants, Mr. Sweetser, we feel, will write more intelligently of the next war—if he does not stay at home.

Mr. Powell writes with all the enthusiasm of one who has adventured and seen, in Kipling's phrase, "men bulk big" on varied and dangerous trails. His professional pages are typical of the composite impressionism that the new school, divorced from the tyranny imposed by the immediacy of "news," has been called upon to create. Writing under the auspicious wing of the French Government, Mr. Powell is never in doubt as to what he saw, and the reader will appreciate his meticulous care in organizing each impression so as to offer a workmanlike picture. All the scientific intricacies of a modern army, the ingenuity of slaughter disapproved or already consecrated to use, give us an idea that the military has at last attained to the perfect and desperate economy of mechanical coördination that has long been found imperative in the naval arm. The wastage of men and material, the confusion and indirection of the courageous Russian, is a condition antipathetic to the Gallic temperament. Mr. Powell has written a rewarding book of the French front with all the valorous sentiment for the fighting man that inspired the older school. His chapter on the Champagne offensive is a fine piece of work, kept well in hand, and always sensitive of the curiosity and interest of the non-combatant in matters of detail, color, and description. In regard to the early, brief misunderstanding between the British and French, Mr. Powell is frank, and his is the first pen to hint at the usual end to maimed British heroes after a war. Let us hope that American tourists will not some day meet the glorious men of Ypres, Mons, and Gallipoli "selling pencils and boot-laces on the flags of Piccadilly, and holding out a cap for coppers." The matter should provide a fitter polemic for Kipling in the future.

We are not surprised to find Messrs. Long and Pares using a diarial method for recording the intimate impressions of their inchoate and unwieldy subject. Mr. Long's thumb-nail sketches cover an immense field, and bite sharply into the cosmic Russian plate. From the topsy-turvy world of bureaucracy and absolutism, of superstition and inefficiency, once more since the Japanese war, the lovable peasant emerges with his historic valor and charm. Mr. Pares had unusual opportunities in the field, and his stories tally with those of Mr. Long in their eulogy of the courage and stubborn fighting qualities of the Russian soldier, his devotion to his officers, and of the high example the latter at all times furnished their men. These two books are worth reading, if merely for an understanding of the amazing signs of humanity and democracy in the army of the most autocratic country in the world. Among the wounded "a general walked quickly round, distributing cigarettes, which he put in the men's mouths and himself lighted"; on all the fronts officers and men addressed each other as "Children" and "Brothers." Says Mr. Pares of the hospitals:

> The officers lie like the rest, separated only by the silent respect shown to them by the

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men. The number of wounded officers is not surprising, for, as I have explained, they stand and walk while their men are ordered to crawl; but the sacrifice in officers is particularly impressive.

It may yet prove a sorry day for the Central Powers when this splendid material is thoroughly equipped and organized.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Belfry. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The Tasker Jevons of this story is as effective a figure as Miss Sinclair has drawn. He is, to be sure, that perennial portent in England, the bounder who arrives. The problem, when its handling is not merely satirical, always amounts to this: How far can circumstance mitigate him, how nearly tolerable may he be rendered by association with his betters? It is not a problem that oppresses us in America, partly no doubt because we lack an official gentlemanly class, and partly because we have boundless faith in anybody's powers to develop from little or nothing into anything. Our fellow-citizen, unless proved otherwise, is a rough diamond, and we do not very much care whether he is cut to the latest pattern or not. The British view is radically different. In English fiction we are never permitted to forget that no amount of being a man constitutes being a gentleman, or is even of very clear assistance in the direction of becoming one. Jevons is born a bounder, and a bounder he remains, in so far as the word stands for disabilities of taste and manner in contrast with moral disabilities.

From the least promising starting-point of birth and surroundings, he sets out to "arrive," and duly accomplishes his journey according to schedule. He becomes a famous journalist, novelist, playwright, a person not to be ignored by society. But he never makes himself fit for that society, never, with all his will to learn and to conquer, frees himself from vulgar tastes and habit of thought. His marriage with Viola Thesiger is not a feat of policy; he has a deep and honest love for her. But even she is unable to fetch him beyond the rudiments of table manners. For her part, she has been attracted to him as representing something more vital than the formal social perfections of Canterbury and its "right people." The technically compromising escapade of their early days—the journey to that Bruges Belfry which becomes for them a symbol of romantic adventure—displays her in a mood of revolt which she seeks to confirm by marriage. But she is helplessly bound to her own kind. Poor Jevons's vanity and snobbishness, his crimes of taste, the physical tricks which betray his breeding—all this, at first a jest to her, becomes more and more intolerable with the years. It is clear that their union can be saved only by a miracle, and that is what Miss Sinclair attempts. She starts the European war, brings Jevons into the thick of it, and makes a preposterous hero of him. It is as though she despairingly hoped that if she could only make him heroic enough, we (and Viola) might be induced to forget everything else. It is true he is thereby proved not to be the physical coward he has declared himself. But Viola has not shrunk from him as a coward; she has shrunk from him as a person of impossible manners—and it is that person with whom, on the strength of his bravery in Flanders, she is now supposed to live happy ever after! Viola and her Thesigers, the mother who has winced from him, the brother who has despised him (until he owes his life to him), are now shown taking Jevons to their bosoms and finding him faultless henceforth. Such a huddling up of matters, so deliberate a dodging of the real point at issue, could but seriously compromise the integrity of the story, brilliant as it is.

Twilight. By Frank Danby. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

This is, in an odd way, a book of surprise. The effect does not spring from any sudden turn of plot, it has to do rather with a slow reversal of the reader's mood. The opening chapters are not ingratiating, their atmosphere is strained and sickly. The story-teller is supposed to be (and in fact was, for the late Mrs. Frankau wrote this book on her death-bed), a woman-novelist half-mad with neuritis and opiates. The story which forces itself upon her dazed consciousness concerns another woman-novelist, of moderate talent and immense egotism, and two male victims of her alleged charm. For a time the whole affair is irritating. The story-teller bores us with her symptoms, the heroine with her conceit. One of the males involved seems to be merely a prig, the other merely an ass. And yet by degrees something does emerge from it all, a situation of poignancy, a character approaching tragic completeness. This is Dr. Kennedy, who, ten years before the story-teller comes to "Carbies," has taken care of Margaret Capel there. It has been a place of refuge for her also, during the interval which must pass before her divorce becomes absolute. There she becomes engaged to Gabriel Stanton, a gentleman who lives by the code of his class, and though loving her much, loves honor more. And there she permits, though she does not reward, the rough love-making of young Dr. Kennedy, who has no code but unselfishness, and no scruples where her happiness is at stake. The crisis comes about through a threat of blackmail. The frequent presence of Stanton and Dr. Kennedy at Carbies has been spied upon by a hypocritical relative of the husband's. Unless her terms are met, she says she will contest the granting of an absolute decree, naming both men as co-respondents. Margaret and Kennedy, who have been approached, conspire to buy her off, but Stanton gets wind of it and stands on his code. They are blameless; to pay the woman would be an admission of guilt; they must fight the thing out. This will mean not only delaying their marriage, but dragging Margaret again through the hatefulness of the divorce court. She cannot face it, but Stanton is inexorable. It is Dr. Kennedy who succumbs to her piteous appeal, and deliberately puts her out of misery with his hypodermic needle. Margaret has angina pectoris, and her days are numbered, but technically her devotee has committed a crime for her sake. It is never known till the dead woman's haunting presence reveals it to the story-teller. Dr. Kennedy, as we see him, is giving way under long mental strain, and becomes victim of a strange obsession. But it is he, not Margaret Capel, who stands out from the record as a figure of singular and well-nigh tragic strength.

The Conquest. By Sidney L. Nyburg. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

This is a study, at once thoughtful and dramatic, of the ruling passion. The dramatic character of the story is emphasized by the author's choice of three crucial periods in the hero's life; these and these only he presents to us. As if they were acts of a play, they are entitled "The Plan of Battle, A. D. 1892," "The Heat of Battle, A. D. 1898," and "The Spoils of Battle, A. D. 1913." The first introduces us to John Howard at the outset of his career—a young lawyer, able and consumed with the thirst for power. Desperately poor, he intends not only to succeed brilliantly in his profession, but to become a financial ruler in a great city. He is in love with a girl a few years his junior, also poor and ambitious; but Margaret Gilmor's ambition is to become a doctor and minister to human needs. This purpose she is willing to relinquish for marriage; but John, after winning his first case and talking it over with Margaret, sees clearly that her altruism will seriously handicap his ambition, and deliberately breaks with her. Thus in the first great struggle the ruling passion prevails. In the second part the hero is well on the way to success. He has made a reputation as a brilliant pleader, and has just won an important case for the chief money magnate of the city. He is deeply involved in certain rather speculative financial undertakings, and at the moment of his legal success is threatened with ruin. Analysis of the situation shows him that there is one, and only one, way out: to marry his rich client's daughter, for whom he cares nothing. He does not need and will not take her money, but he needs and must have the prestige of the connection. The scene in which he wins the girl's consent, and her father's, is finely dramatic.

At the beginning of the third part, Howard, at the summit of his success, receives sentence of death—or rather extracts it by his skill in cross-examination—from a famous heart specialist. He has a clear case of angina pectoris, and is ordered to give up his business and all legal work and avoid every excitement. He has had no

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children; his wife, though he has tried in every way to make up for the initial wrong he has done her, has become gradually estranged from him. At the time of his sentence she is in Florida, and he does not inform her of his condition. Without human interests in life, he is suddenly compelled to withdraw from the game for which alone he cares. Then appears his old sweetheart, to ask him for his legal help in behalf of the striking garment-makers in whom she is deeply interested. In this last act of his life John Howard is still driven on by his master passion; but the powerful motive force from which he thought he had freed himself at the beginning asserts itself once more; and his action is the resultant of the two great forces. In dramatic condensation and vigor the last "act" is superior to either of the others, and rises to a most effective climax. To a remarkable degree the author has succeeded in the difficult task of keeping the reader's sympathy for his not very admirable hero. It is not easy to recall in recent fiction a more striking portrait of a man governed by ambition; and one might look far for a better-planned novel.

SIR SIDNEY LEE'S SHAKESPEARE.

A Life of William Shakespeare. By Sidney Lee. New edition. Rewritten and enlarged. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Sir Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare" is so generally accepted as the standard authority on the subject that a new edition which should include the results of recent investigation was eminently desirable. In the present revised edition the author has availed himself thoroughly of such researches, and his work has consequently gained very materially in value. The increased size of the volume gives a fair indication of the extent to which he has drawn upon the Shakespearean publications of recent years. Comparing the present with the last previous edition, we find that (taking into account the fuller content of the individual page in this latest issue) the work has grown to nearly three-fourths again its former dimensions. New biographical details constitute, of course, but a very small portion of this additional matter, for even the discoveries of Prof. C. W. Wallace—the most fruitful since those of Halliwell-Phillipps on this side of the subject—have been limited in number and perhaps still more in significance. Lee's own main service of this nature in the present volume lies in clearing up the poet's relations with his Warwickshire neighbors, the Combes. The last decade, however, has seen a remarkable advance in our knowledge of everything that pertains to the conditions under which Shakespeare worked. The researches of Wallace, Feuillerat, Chambers, and Murray, especially, have thrown an unexpected light on the history of the Elizabethan theatres and dramatic companies, and on all the material influences that surrounded the actor and playwright. It is accordingly in the chapters that relate to these things that we find the greatest expansion in the new edition. Thus the material of the chapter in former editions entitled On the London Stage is here developed into three chapters, two of which embody in compact and accurate form the information concerning the theatres and actors of the time—more particularly in their relation to Shakespeare—which we owe to the above-mentioned scholars and to others. Similarly we have a new chapter on Shakespeare's financial resources. Important additions and corrections are, however, found in every part of the book. One might cite as scattered examples the recognition of court influences in the development of the Elizabethan drama, a substantial factor which was first stressed by Feuillerat and later greatly exaggerated by Wallace; the fuller discussion of Shakespeare's narrative poems, the question of whose sources has been illuminated by Lee himself, and of "The Phœnix and Turtle," in regard to which the author had the advantage of Prof. Carleton Brown's learned monograph; the correction, based on Ernest Law's pamphlet, of previous statements touching Shakespeare's participation in the royal progress through the city of London on March 15, 1604; the more emphatic assertion of the influence of the mediæval legend of Troy in determining Shakespeare's singular treatment of the theme in his "Troilus and Cressida." One notes also that, departing wisely from the conservatism of former editions, the writer recognizes in the present volume that "Romeo and Juliet" and "All's Well That Ends Well," as we now read them, represent later revisions of plays composed in Shakespeare's earlier career—moreover, that our existing texts of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" have suffered mutilation.

Lee's own most original contributions to Shakespearean study have been in connection with the sonnets. Here, too, one observes changes of importance—particularly in the chapter on the conceits of the sonnets. Among the new parallels adduced, the sonnets of the contemporary French poet, Jodelle, addressed to a noble patron, Comte de Fauquenberge et de Courtenay, are the most noteworthy. These poems are as extravagant in expressions of admiration and friendship as Shakespeare's, and the conceits employed are much the same. For the first time, too, the writer recognizes the influence of Renaissance Platonism on the sonnets. As a matter of fact, it is not too much to say that the series as a whole is incomprehensible without some knowledge of the Platonic doctrines of Love and Beauty, as they had developed in the treatises of Marsilio Ficino and his followers, passing thence into general literature. In the light of this knowledge the seemingly odious implications of Shakespeare's language in addressing his young patron disappear. The matter needs to be emphasized, for it has been almost wholly neglected by editors of the sonnets. Lee has been so successful in tracing Shakespeare's sonneteering conventions to earlier sonnet literature—mainly English and French—that he very naturally concludes that the entire collection is merely conventional—the lyrical exercises of a man of supreme dramatic genius in which no real person is involved, except a noble young patron whom the poet wishes to please. Even the "dark lady," as examples from earlier poets show, is simply a "conceit." He has made out a strong case, and its strength has been greatly increased by the very large number of instances of these same conventions which M. J. Wolff, in the current issue of *Englische Studien*, has brought together from Italian poetry of the Renaissance. Indeed, Wolff's researches in this subject are no less telling than Lee's. Nevertheless, the presence of convention, even on this scale, is no decisive proof that a true story does not underlie Shakespeare's Sonnets. "Lycidas" is one of the most conventional poems in our language, and an even more pertinent analogy is supplied by the sonnet sequences of Sidney and Spenser, which are also full of convention, and yet, despite some objections to the contrary that have been raised in the case of the former, are, surely, the records of genuine passion. Moreover, some sonnets, like the 152d, seem to elude all attempts to fit them into a scheme of convention.

As has already been intimated, the author has executed his task of revision and enlargement with exemplary thoroughness and judgment. There are, however, still a few details, in which corrections or additions appear required. In the first place, his statements concerning the piratical character of the quartos are too sweeping. No specific mention is made here of Mr. A. W. Pollard's argument, which many Shakespearean students have found convincing, that a number of these quartos are based on authentic texts that were sold to the publishers by the companies themselves, their lawful owners. The question is important, too, for the first folio; for, if Mr. Pollard's views are correct, the good faith of Heminges and Condell in their declarations with regard to the sources of the folio text, is in a large measure vindicated. With respect to the quartos, which, as Greg and Pollard contend, were really printed in 1619, although they bear earlier dates on their title-pages, the very important article of W. J. Neidig in *Modern Philology* for October, 1910, should have been cited. In the dating of "Julius Cæsar" the author omits to note much of the strong cumulative evidence—entry in the diary of Simon Platter, the Basle doctor, allusions in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," etc.—which goes to prove that the play was already in existence in 1599. Furthermore, he makes no allusion to the undeniable influence of the Spanish "Amadis de Grecia," continuation of "Amadis de Gaula," on the Florizel-Perdita story of "The Winter's Tale." Indeed, the name "Florizel" is derived from that source. In the introduction to his edition of the play in the Renaissance Shakespeare (of which, by the way,

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Lee is himself the general editor), Jusserand has remarked on Shakespeare's indebtedness to the Spanish romance. As a matter of fact, Robert Southey had long ago emphasized the point in the preface to his "Palmerin of England" (London, 1807). Lastly, we have an error of the previous editions repeated in the statement that Thomas Watson's Latin poem, "Amyntas," was a version of Tasso's "Aminta." It is really an independent composition, and owes nothing to the "Aminta," except, possibly, its name.

TENNYSON'S REPUTATION.

The Life and Times of Tennyson. By Thomas R. Lounsbury. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50.

The late Professor Lounsbury of Yale was such a vigorous personality that he broke through the pitying contempt which the American public consistently exhibits towards its learned class. In virtue of his common-sense pronouncements on spelling and dictionaries, the man in the street was ready to consider him an exception to the general rule that all college professors are doddering old fools. To know him was to admire his inexhaustible vivacity and the fine courage with which he bore, like Parkman, the lifelong burden of defective eyesight. He had served in the Civil War, and he maintained to the end the soldierly spirit. He was an efficient teacher of English; and his studies of Chaucer and Shakespeare gave him a reputation among scholars for patient industry and a certain type of minute criticism. His posthumous work arouses expectations which are not fulfilled. It is not a history of the life and times of Tennyson; it is an elaborate and minute examination of the criticisms on Tennyson's poetry up to the publication of "In Memoriam." It covers more than six hundred pages.

In the preface, his literary executor tells how Lounsbury put this book together. It is a fine story of great difficulties overcome by steady courage and perseverance. Whether such effort was worth while is another question. No doubt of its utility seems to have crossed the professor's mind. Yet all the criticism is of quite secondary importance; and criticism of criticism is flailing straw whence every kernel of good grain has long since been driven. What impressed the resolute critic most was "the general worthlessness of contemporary criticism." The "worthlessness" is established beyond peradventure. Its staring, naked incompetence is plain in the mere quotation, without the scattering fire of "silly," "imbecile," "absurd" that runs through the whole book. But if the criticism is "worthless," why drag it out of the dust of sluttish time into the light of day? Why bring up a park of artillery to force an open door? Clearly, it afforded the professor himself no little satisfaction to belabor Lockhart, Wilson *et al.* who put themselves so irretrievably in the wrong. If he had made an effort to mediate between warring judgments, and to deliver final decisions on the poet's works, the resurrection of these forgotten reviews might have been justified; but he keeps steadfastly aloof. On the merits of Tennyson he can hardly be said to hold an opinion. That he himself ever enjoyed a single line of Tennyson, there is little or no evidence. The conclusion seems to be that no just or rational appreciation of the poet ever appeared. To disparage Tennyson was "silly"; to praise him was "extravagant." Surely, it was not necessary to take all that trouble to obtain such negative results.

Even were the plan of the book admitted, many pages might be dropped without loss. Professor Lounsbury had a clear and readable, if somewhat arid, style; but he was diffuse. *Sufflaminandus erat.* One could point to a dozen paragraphs which could be dropped from the first chapter alone without injury to the argument. Ten pages are devoted to discussing the prize poem "Timbuctoo." Reflections on prize poems in general, some account of travels to the real Timbuctoo, and Warrington's views on "Ariadne in Naxos" are needed in the elucidation. The reader wonders how much space will be given to a perfect thing like "The Lotus Eaters." Yet generous as this scale is, the discussion of "Timbuctoo" is fatally incomplete, for it fails to notice Thackeray's well-known parody in *The Snob:*

In Africa, a quarter of the world,
Men's skins are black, their hair is crisp and curled;
And somewhere there, unknown to public view,
A mighty city lies, called Timbuctoo.

And so on. It would have been excellent grist for Professor Lounsbury's facetious mill. Nor is the poem important as sounding the new Tennysonian note in literature. That is first heard in the "far-off Aeolian knell of 'Claribel,'" the lyric which Elizabeth Barrett challenged the Italian to match for a concord of sweet sounds. "He will write you a poem with nothing in it but music; and as if its music were everything it shall fill your soul."

There are joints in the professorial panoply of learning. On p. 588, he professes ignorance of the meaning of "back-stairs." But even the Concise Oxford Dictionary knows the meaning, while "The Water Babies," that recondite work, contains a long pæan on "back-stairs." Again, the dismissal of Andrew Lang, the biographer of Lockhart, as a "brother Scotchman" is a trifle cavalier. After all, Mr. Lang was something of a scholar, something of a critic; and he wrote not unacceptable things in prose and verse. As to Lockhart's character, opinions differ. One may reasonably contend that the man who wrote the second great biography in English literature, with the unforgettable page which tells the manner of his hero's death, was not entirely despicable. Maclise's drawing of the "Scorpion" shows a singularly handsome, aristocratic profile, combining strength and refinement.

The preface asserts that Professor Lounsbury "set himself squarely against the wave of cheap depreciation which at times threatened to overwhelm Tennyson." That was a praiseworthy attitude; but his book cannot be reckoned a very effective dam against the Philistine flood. The Tennysonian professed—if any such troglodyte survive—will close the book with the mournful feeling that, after all, his poet was a thin-skinned, surly, lachrymose person, whose work is unworthy of a Yale professor's commendation; and he will marvel what has become of the young Hyperion that Lawrence drew, and of the old majestic Merlin of Watts's laurelled canvas. He will also marvel how his heart once beat quicker at the rhythms of "Maud," and he will hasten to sate his hunger and thirst for beauty with "The Widow in the Bye Street" and "A Channel Passage."

THE CORN-MARKET.

The Evolution of the English Corn Market. By Norman Scott Brien Gras. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $2.50 net.

It is impossible to discuss the English corn market without at least connoting a great many things of interest to the general reader. This scholarly economic study, for example, re-creates much of the atmosphere of the manorial system, a subject of which no real student of English history ever tires. It is the period from the twelfth to the eighteenth century that engages our author's attention. He departs, of necessity in fact, from the usual method of treating the manor as a unit, and shows it to us as one of a group of manors. It is by bringing it into such relationship that he enables us to see how the corn market as we now know it came into existence.

Few things impress the student of early English history more than the combination of manors in relatively few hands. We learn from Domesday that there were 9,250 manors at the time of the Conquest, of which 1,422 were in the possession of the King. The Earl of Mortain held 793, and the Bishop of Bayeux 439. Not a few cases could be mentioned of holdings in excess of 100 manors. The King's manors were in about thirty counties. These were not unchanging, for, while the King was constantly granting manorial fiefs to his supporters, other possessions were constantly escheating to him. At the other extremity was the lord of one or two manors. But the most significant in connection with our present subject was the group of a dozen, or even a score or more, manors in possession of a lay or ecclesiastical lord, or of the religious foundation, monastic or capitular. In general, these groups, though not contiguous, lay in one section of the country, in two or three counties.

It was from this fact that the corn market arose. To enjoy his food the lord had originally to go to the place of production.

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This was a common custom among both lay and ecclesiastical lords in the thirteenth century, and doubtless far back into the Anglo-Saxon period. It is easy to see that from the very first prandial perambulation must have been impossible for conventual bodies, and it was probably among the ecclesiastical lords that the custom arose of having sent to one centre the corn surplus of outlying manors, partly rent and partly the product of the demesne. It might later, as its convenience became manifest, be extended to other manorial lords. The evidence, however, illustrates chiefly the monastic and capitular economy. St. Paul's, London, for example, at the close of the twelfth century received annually 1,575 quarters of wheat, barley, and oats from thirteen manors situated in four near-by counties. The corn itself was consumed, not sold, about two-thirds being used for brewing, while the remaining third was baked into bread. Such a system involved the *regular*—weekly or fortnightly—carriage of corn from outlying places to the manorial centres.

Historians have had a good deal to say of the "self-sufficiency" of the manor. Ashley, for example, says that "the fundamental characteristic of the manorial group, regarded from the economic point of view, was its self-sufficiency, its social independence." Cheyney declares that the self-centred life of the manors prohibited intercourse and opposed the growth of common national life. And Prothero tells us that the cultivators of the soil grew their produce, not for sale, but for their own consumption, each manor or village being "isolated and self-sufficing." Doubtless, the manor to the last retained, like the modern farm, a certain measure of self-sufficiency, but the evidence points to the fact that it was gradually evolving marketing conditions. Throughout the thirteenth century the bailiffs' accounts reveal large and increasing sales of corn, and it appears that tenants were commuting their corn-rents for money-rents. As far back as Henry I, the King was more in need of money than of victuals.

By questioning the isolation of the manor, by subjecting to rigid investigation the self-sufficiency of the manor, and by an exhaustive study of the manuscripts of the period, the author of the present work has obtained a synthetic grasp of the corn market which makes this sketch of exceptional value to students of social institutions. We are obliged, for example, not only to take cognizance of the relation of lord and tenant, but also to observe the relation of legal principles to common practice. The lord apparently had the legal right to prohibit purchase and sale on the part of the villain, but in practice the tenant sold his corn with little or no restriction. There arose in the thirteenth century, and perhaps even in the twelfth, a class of dealers called corn mongers, who were villagers. In the only instance clearly stated they are called "free-tenants," but some may have been customary tenants. In other words, some members of the manor arose early as marketers of corn, regularly employed in disposing of the surplus crop.

It was a natural and inevitable step from this to the metropolitan market and the export trade. Our author traces this development with an appreciative eye on all the surrounding landscape. We see, for example, the manorial system hastened to its decay by a struggle between tenant and lord, caused by the growth of the local market, and aided by such external circumstances as the rise of prices in the thirteenth century and the Black Death, and by the growth of a strong central government which threw its weight into the balance on the side of the prospective citizen, taxpayer, and soldier. Though the present work pretends to be merely an economic study, it is nevertheless crowded with information of value to students of the English Renaissance. Half the five hundred pages are given up to appendices, chiefly of a statistical nature, and there is an exceptionally complete bibliography.

Notes

Henry Holt & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "Nights in London," by Thomas Burke; "The Real Motive," by Dorothy Canfield; "A Northern Countryside," by Rosalind Richards, and "The Desire of the Moth," by Eugene Manlove Rhodes.

Another volume in the English Church Art series, entitled "The English Chancel," by Francis Bond, is announced for publication by the Oxford University Press.

The following are announced for publication in April by the Century Co.: "America's Foreign Relations," by Willis Fletcher Johnson; "Children of Hope," by Stephen Whitman; "Come Out of the Kitchen," by Alice Duer Miller.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the forthcoming publication of the following volumes: "Bars of Iron," by Ethel M. Dell; "Unhappy in Thy Daring," by Marius Lyle; "Narcissus," by Viola Meynell; "The Case of John Smith: His Heaven and His Hell," by Elizabeth Bisland; "Buddha and the Gospel of Buddhism," by Amanda K. Coomaraswamy; "Collected Poems," by Arthur Peterson; "Mohammedanism," by Chr. Snouck Hurgronje; "Diamonds: A Study of the Factors that Govern Their Value," by F. B. Wade; "The Problems and Lessons of the War—Clark University Addresses," by various authors.

The following volumes are in the list of Charles Scribner's Sons: "A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open," by Theodore Roosevelt; "Why War?" by Frederic C. Howe; "The Mountain," by John C. Van Dyke; "Estimates in Art," by Frank Jewett Mather, jr.; "Father Damien: An Open Letter to the Reverend Doctor Hyde, of Honolulu" (new edition), by Robert Louis Stevenson; "The Symphony Play," by Jennette Lee; "The Work and Teachings of the Apostles," by Charles Foster Kent; "The Long Road Home," by Ralph D. Paine; "The Country Life Anthology of Verse," edited by P. Anderson Graham; "The Meaning of Personal Life," by Newman Smyth; "Mysteries of Life," by Stanley de Brath; "Before, During, and After 1914," by Anton Nystrom.

We are requested to announce that the twentieth annual meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science will be held in Philadelphia on Friday and Saturday, April 28 and 29.

The American Historical Association has issued an announcement of conditions of competition for the Justin Winsor prize in American history and the Herbert Baxter Adams prize in European history. Full particulars can be obtained at the office of the Secretary, 1140 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Frederic Louis Huidekoper has long been known to the army by his studies of its history and by his point of view in respect of its development. In his latest work, "The Military Unpreparedness of the United States" (Macmillan; $4 net), he appeals to a wider audience. Directly inspired though he has been by the present interest in "preparedness," it would be a mistake to imagine that he has made a mere pamphleteering contribution to the current and ephemeral literature of the subject. On the contrary, he has produced a work of permanent value, not merely in the comparatively limited domain of military history, but in the broader field of national history as such. For if it is true that a vast share of the energies of the American people has been expended in war, then the part taken by our people and by Congress in the expenditure of these energies should form a proper subject of historical investigation. This investigation Mr. Huidekoper has made, and he gives us his results in the five hundred-odd pages of text that lie before us. We make bold to say that no future writer of our country's history can afford to neglect this material addition to the subject, and that school-texts in particular should be overhauled in the light of Mr. Huidekoper's researches. And we say so much in full recognition of the fact that the author's main purpose is to clear the way for an advocacy of a policy which we are far from endorsing. That the folly of Congress and of the people in the past has unnecessarily cost the country in blood and treasure is certain. Given a republic like ours in a state of hostilities, there can be no doubt, we take it, that we have muddled the business of making war. Whether these wars were just or unjust, whether we could have avoided them or not, does not now concern us. What does concern us is that, with perhaps one exception, the conduct of every one of these wars, so far as conditioned by our military legislation, has been a botch; sentiment and politics have almost invariably got the better of common-sense and sound policy. These and other verities of our military history have been admirably set forth by Mr. Huidekoper, and should be taken into account by our people, either to induce it to mend its ways against the possible return of trouble, or to have done with war altogether as a miserable business for which it has neither taste nor stomach. The case could not be more clearly presented than it has been by Mr. Huidekoper. The size of the book, 556 closely packed pages, should discourage no one; thoroughness of treatment calls for a fulness more than compensated, if compensation be demanded, by clearness of

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statement, order of argument, and limpidity of style. The needs of the independent investigator are met by the documentation of the text; chapter and verse are given for every statement or assertion in a body of notes occupying no fewer than 183 pages of fine print.

The title of "America at Work," by Joseph Husband (Houghton Mifflin; $1 net), does not at all suggest the imaginative character of the sketches it includes. They have the compactness, fulness, and glow which we commonly associate with poetry rather than with prose. Indeed, it would be easy for anybody who cared to try his hands at a game now popular to show by a different arrangement of printing what excellent "vers libre" Mr. Husband has been unconsciously producing. Here, as in his "Year in a Coal-Mine," his imagination is roused chiefly by the spectacle of man struggling with the tremendous natural and mechanical forces which modern science has evoked. Man develops and controls them, but men are always in peril of them. The cab of an express engine rushing through the night, its existence hanging for every moment of its long run upon the trustworthiness of the green-eyed semaphores that flash by; the dynamite factory lurking in its sands, and never more than a hair's-breadth from being blotted out by a second of carelessness; the switchboard of an electrical powerhouse during a thunder storm; a steel foundry, with its tons of molten metal ready to avenge the least slip; the perch of the steeplejack at the top of a skeleton skyscraper; these are the scenes to which he leads us. But it is their beauty as well as their terror which absorbs him, their physical beauty of color and line and mass. The liquid steel of his foundry scene is "a blinding whiteness streaked with saffron. . . . Like an infernal lake it swirled and eddied, a whirlpool of incandescent flame. Leaping tongues of pink and lavender danced in the blue darkness." There is passage after passage of this almost appalling vividness. One is reminded (to compare great things with small) of certain passages of glowing magic and terror in Milton: the heavenly legions "sharpening their moonèd horns" in flight; or

> Overhead the dismal hiss
> Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
> And flying vaulted either host with fire.

Force molten, flaming, crushing, ruthless, insensate, and yet somehow in the main bent by little cowering man to serve his uses—Prometheus in the modern version—here is Mr. Husband's theme.

Not the least entertaining section of the collection of Theodore Watts-Dunton's papers brought out by E. P. Dutton under the title of "Old Familiar Faces" ($1.75) is the Introduction, which gives an account of the life of Swinburne and Watts-Dunton and the two sisters of the latter at the Pines. The writer of this Introduction is not named, but it bears some marks of being from the hand of James Douglas, who has already given us an interesting, but too eulogistic, biography of the "author of 'Aylwin.'" Mr. Watts, or Watts-Dunton, as he became later in life, was the intimate friend and literary counsellor of the whole Rossetti circle. As regular contributor to the *Athenæum* he had various occasions to write obituary notices of the poets whom he outlived, and the best of these papers, combined with a few reviews of their notable works, have now been brought together under the appropriate and alluring title given above. It will sound heretical to some admirers of Watts-Dunton the critic, but we have no great admiration of his philosophy, while holding him quite delightful as a gossip. At least, there is something rather incongruous in the philosophical paragraphs that are plumped here and there into these otherwise light and personal articles. But that is the fault of Watts-Dunton, not of the editor of this volume. Otherwise these portraits of the Rossettis, Borrow, Tennyson, Dr. Gordon Hake, Lord De Tabley, William Morris, and Francis Hindes Groome, are all pleasant reading, and make one wish that the author had found time and the heart to elaborate his reminiscences at length and in order. For such an intimate history of the Rossetti group we would gladly sacrifice "Aylwin." The happiest fragment of this kind known to us is his "Rossetti and Charles Wells, a Reminiscence of Kelmscott Manor," which may be found in the introductory pages to "Joseph and His Brethren" in the World's Classics. It should certainly have been included among the "Old Familiar Faces," unless it was precluded by copyright.

Some years ago Dr. C. L. Shadwell, then fellow of Oriel, undertook the translation of Dante's "Purgatory" and "Paradise." The first twenty-seven cantos of the "Purgatory" appeared in 1892 and the rest in 1899. The task is now complete; the "Paradise" was published late in 1915 by Macmillan Co. *Terza rima* is foreign and difficult; prose and blank verse fail even to suggest the beauty of the Italian form. Dr. Shadwell chose, therefore, to translate in the purely English rhymed stanza of Andrew Marvell's "Ode to Cromwell":

> 'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
> And oil the unused armour's rust,
> Removing from the wall
> The corselet of the hall.

Can such a metre satisfy, for such a purpose? Dr. Shadwell seeks to justify it *à priori*, arguing that the Marvellian stanza is very nearly equivalent in syllabic length to the Italian tercet, and that the last line of the tercet is very often set off in thought, as subordinate or supplementary, from the other two. But though a single tercet may be rendered admirably by a single stanza, the series of stanzas differs totally in effect from the series of tercets. Indeed, the Italian canto as a whole is not stanzaic; the even measure and the blending of tercet with tercet by the rhyme give the impression of a rich symphonic unity. Marvell's form seems rather to alternate roll of drum and shrill of fife. In *terza rima*, furthermore, the rhyme is subtle and restrained; in the English couplets it is so prominent as to usurp attention. To a didactic content, however, the Marvellian stanza, imperative and pointed, lends itself admirably, and in the many didactic passages of the "Purgatory" and the "Paradise" Dr. Shadwell's version is most effective. And even though the form prove elsewhere uncongenial, the work still has great and abiding worth as a patient, devoted interpretation of Dante's thought. These volumes, too, one must search for the revelation of unrealized depths of meaning, and the search will bring satisfaction and gratitude. Dr. Shadwell has been fortunate in his prefacers. For the translation of the "Purgatory," Walter Pater wrote a calm and clear analysis of Dante's power. Now Dr. Mackail—this, too, is very much an "Oxford Dante"—affirms and reasons the supreme beauty of the "Paradise."

Descriptive power of a very high order is the dominant quality of Mr. W. C. Scully's "Lodges in the Wilderness" (Holt; $1.35 net). Mr. Scully was for some years a British magistrate near the border of British and German South Africa. His duties necessitated frequent journeys in the Great Bushmanland Desert, and the present volume is the record, written in retirement, of his memories of these adventures. We do not recall any volume that brings out quite so vividly the power of the desert, that mysterious attraction, the common experience of nearly all who have come under its influence, which seems to be compounded of hate, of fear, and of love. Mr. Scully has caught and reproduced the very spirit of that arid waste, where human life, except on the edges, has ceased to be, though plentiful traces of former inhabitants are to be found in rude rock drawings, but where springbuck and antelope, ostriches and oryx still roam, and where one comes across flora miraculously drawing sustenance from inhospitable sand and rock. Of the flora and fauna of this region Mr. Scully writes with the enthusiasm of the true naturalist; of the crafty stalking of the springbuck and ostrich and the riding down of the oryx, with the reminiscent delight of the veteran hunter, tinged now with a touch of humanitarian regret for the taking of noble animal life. The humans in his pages, half-breeds and queer mixtures of Hottentot and Bushman, as well as his more immediate companions, Andries, a gigantic Boer, who was ever his *fidus Achates* on these desert expeditions, and the centaur-like Hendrick are described with sympathy and abundant quiet humor. And through all the chapters, as a kind of leit-motif, runs the theme of parching heat and thirst intolerable. The economy of water, the arrival on time, in accordance with a carefully calculated programme, at the place where it may be found, the awaiting of infrequent storms—this is the constantly recurring motive in Mr. Scully's story. One journey of four days' distance from a watering place is undertaken with oxen drawing the heavy cart containing water and provisions. Water can be carried only for the men. Arrived at the goal, the thirsty oxen are turned loose to make their own way back to the pool they had left four days before:

> Suddenly, however, primordial instinct gained ascendancy; their minds were made up. They paced, lowing, to the trail; then advanced along it at a trot. Soon the trot altered to a wild gallop. To-morrow, before noon, they would charge down on Gamoep—and woe to man or beast obstructing their course. Red-eyed and with blackened tongues extended from roaring, tortured throats, they would fling themselves into the pool and drink their fill. At Gamoep they would remain for four restful days; then they would be brought back to our camp by Piet Noona and his nephew.

To Mr. Clement Shorter, who is in charge of the volumes by Mrs. Gaskell in the World's Classics series (Oxford Press; 1s. net), we are indebted for the best edition of her works that has yet appeared; one now complete except for the "Life of Charlotte Brontë," which will form the eleventh volume. We owe to him, for example, the reprinting of "The Cage at Cranford," from *Household Words*, with

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"Cranford"—a happy sketch of a "polly cockatoo" in the Cheshire village. In editing the tenth volume, "Right at Last and Other Tales," he has brought together a considerable amount of material hitherto left to moulder in the pages of old periodicals. This, if it neither enhances nor detracts from the writer's fame, is necessary to a final compilation of her work, and possesses not only bibliographical, but human, interest. "Right at Last and Other Tales," as originally issued, contained, besides the title story, "The Manchester Marriage," interesting as an anticipation of "Enoch Arden," "The Crooked Branch," and the poignant tale of witchcraft times in Salem, "Lois the Witch." To this is here added "A Dark Night's Work," first published as a separate novel in 1863, a melancholy story quite lacking in Mrs. Gaskell's usual humor. The new reprints comprise, in the field of fictional narrative, "How the First Floor Went to Crowley Castle," which Charles Dickens had as a contribution to *Household Words*, and which is a companion piece to his own "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings"; "A Scholar's Story," from the same magazine, and fragments of two ghost stories found among Mrs. Gaskell's papers. There are also two non-fictitious pieces from *Household Words*, "The Shah's English Garden," an article based on the experiences of a park-keeper once in the service of the Shah of Persia, and "Cumberland Sheep Shearers," descriptive of one of Mrs. Gaskell's days among the dalesmen of the Lake Region. The volume is rounded out by several hitherto unprinted poems of mediocre quality, one, "Sketches Among the Poor," in the manner of Crabbe; and by Mrs. Gaskell's introductions to Colonel Vecchj's "Garibaldi at Caprera" and to Susanna Cummins's once popular New England story, "Mabel Vaughan." In the latter of these she speaks warmly of literary intercourse between England and America.

To the same series is added a slender volume of English "Letters Written in War Time," embracing the fifteenth to the nineteenth century, inclusive, and selected by H. Wragg. We have Queen Catherine's letter to Henry VIII after Flodden, and one of Sir Charles Napier's of 1852 pleading for a volunteer army, and setting forth in modern accents that "What has been done to prepare us I know not, but I do know that nothing has been done to give confidence to this country." There is a good representative selection of the letters of Cromwell, Collingwood, Lord Nelson, and the Duke of Wellington; while any reader of the present day will be interested in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letter to Pope from "Among the Turks in Servia," and in Marlborough's to Lord Godolphin dated "Near Louvain, July 29, 1705."

Homer A. Stebbins's "Political History of the State of New York, 1865-1869" (Longmans, Green; $4), in the Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law, is not only a useful supplement, for the four years which it covers, to the more elaborate histories of Alexander and Lincoln, but is also an interesting illustration of the way in which recent history may be written from newspaper sources. The latter, Dr. Stebbins tells us, have been almost his sole reliance, few of the autobiographies or collected writings of the period dealing at much length with the politics of the State. Eight newspapers in New York city and fourteen "up-State" journals have been carefully used, and their editorial expressions systematically mustered. Substantively, the period was crucial for both of the great parties. The overshadowing issue of reconstruction in Congress, with the breach between President Johnson and the radical Republicans, the submission of the Fourteenth Amendment, and the use of the army to enforce negro suffrage, compelled a readjustment of party lines in State, as well as in national, politics. In New York, the election of a Unionist Governor, Fenton, in 1866, notwithstanding a great Democratic majority in New York city, and the success of Conkling in the Senatorial contest of 1867, were followed by a Democratic reaction to which the appearance of the excise question, the activities of the Tammany machine, and dissension between the radical and conservative wings of the Republicans, contributed. Dr. Stebbins traces in detail the work of the Constitutional Convention of 1867, and his chapters on the Erie raid, and the part taken by Tweed in the election of 1868, are especially good.

Drama

THE STAGE IN LONDON—A NEW COMEDY BY SOMERSET MAUGHAM, AND OTHER PRODUCTIONS.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

LONDON, March 10..

A theatrical letter in war-time is almost of necessity a small-beer chronicle: the best one can reasonably hope is that the small beer should be wholesome and not too flat. This time, however, the beverage is a little more exhilarating. Mr. Somerset Maugham, in defiance of "war economy," has opened a bottle of champagne. His new play, "Caroline," with which Mr. Dion Boucicault inaugurated his management of the New Theatre, is a light comedy in the exact acceptation of the term. It does not pretend to cut deep into character or to scourge the sins of society. Nor is it intensely dramatic: it contains no Screen Scene, nor even any such highly-wrought effect as that of the frustrated marriage in "The New York Idea." But it turns upon a just psychological observation—sufficiently important for purposes of comedy—and it develops the theme with unflagging gayety, and with great fertility of scenic, as distinct from specifically dramatic, invention.

It might have been called "The Unattainable"; for the point it illustrates is the fascination of the thing that is beyond our reach, and the way it declines in value when we have only to stretch out our hand to grasp it. Caroline, Mrs. Ashley, has seen nothing of her husband for ten years. The reason she gives for their separation is that he "had adenoids," and beyond this it would be indiscreet to inquire. She has formed a very close friendship with Robert Oldham, a successful barrister. It is a quite innocent friendship; "they have nothing to reproach themselves with"; and society has accepted it with good-natured indulgence. It is quite understood among their many friends that as soon as Stephen Ashley dies they will marry; and behold! one fine morning the *Times* contains a notice of his death at some faraway place in East Africa. At once their friends are all agog, and two of them, Isabella Trench and Maud Fulton—the chorus of the comedy—hurry round to Caroline's house to congratulate her. They find her in a curious and baffling mood. She does not pretend to lament her husband, yet she evidently resents and shrinks from their eager assumption that Robert Oldham will presently rush up the stairs four steps at a time, cry "At last! At last!" and clasp her in his arms. They decide that he is probably at this moment hastening to procure a special license:

Caroline—My dear, don't be ridiculous. He hasn't asked me to marry him.

Isabella—But he's going to.

Caroline (thoughtfully)—I suppose he is.

Maud—What on earth d'you mean, Caroline? You know he is.

Caroline (exasperated)—Yes, of course I do. But don't badger me. You talk as if we had to marry whether we liked it or not.

Maud—He's been passionately in love with you for years.

Caroline—For years.

Isabella—And you've been just as much in love with him, Caroline.

Caroline—I know I have.

Maud—You've both been looking forward to this moment ever since you met one another?

Caroline—And now it's come.

The tone in which she says this speaks volumes; and when her friends keep on "badgering" her, she turns upon them and says:

When you've been staying at the seaside, haven't you sometimes gone down to the beach meaning to have a bathe, and when you got there found the sea looking very chilly? You try not to notice it. You go into your bathing-machine, and it's gray and comfortless. But you take off your clothes, and put on your bathing-dress, and then you open the door. You see in front of you a narrow bit of sea. And it's cold, and yellow, and dreary, and wet. And your heart sinks.

The Chorus, however, will not hear of such nonsense, and Caroline goes off to change her dress, for she "will not be proposed to in a motor-coat." "I was very foolish just now," she says as she goes out; "it is a great pleasure to know that, after all his kindness to me, all his unselfish devotion, I have it in my power at last to give him his heart's desire." Then Robert appears, the Chorus being still on the scene; and he, too, fails to rise to their expectations. He is obviously bored when they insist on discussing the spot to be selected for the honeymoon; and when "a quiet little place by the seaside" is mentioned, he says: "I won't bathe. Nothing will induce me to bathe. I hate cold water. I was thinking only this morning how I hated the sea." "This morning!" says Maud; "why?" "I don't know," he replies; "it just occurred to me"—and then he describes the qualms

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of a reluctant bather just as Caroline has described them ten minutes before. Indeed, he uses too nearly the same words: Mr. Maugham has inartistically underscored a charming little invention.

The interview between Caroline and Robert is a delightful bit of comedy. Both are intensely embarrassed, and, in trying to make conversation, both say tactless things. At last Robert is on the point of going away, without having breathed a word of marriage. He has actually opened the door, when he turns back, saying with assumed cheerfulness, "I was almost forgetting the purpose of my visit. . . . Well, Caroline, what shall we do about it?" Caroline: "About what?" Robert: "When would you like us to be married?" Caroline fences with the question for a little, and then formally declines to marry him. Of course, Robert declares that this is an awful shock to him, and makes all requisite protestations; but he cannot conceal his cordial agreement when Caroline says:

> My dear Robert, we've been very happy in one another's company for ten years. We've been joined together by a very charming sentiment. Don't you think it would be a pity to expose it to the wear and tear of domestic life?

As soon as the shadow of imminent doom is lifted from their minds, they recover their spirits, and join in laughing heartily at the scene they have just enacted.

But their sense of relief is premature. In the afternoon (the whole action passes in one day) Caroline feels bored and out of sorts, and sends for Dr. Cornish, an intimate personal friend. She is terror-stricken when the doctor diagnoses her trouble as a threatening of middle-age. In order to prove to herself that he is wrong, she telephones to a youthful adorer, Rex Cunningham, to come to tea with her. But in him she finds no consolation. He is one of the sentimentalists who "are only really happy when they're utterly miserable," and his devotion perceptibly cools when he learns that the devastating rumor of her engagement to Robert Oldham is untrue. Meanwhile, Society, through the medium of the Chorus, lets it be plainly understood that she and Robert are not to be allowed to shirk their responsibilities. They yield to the inevitable and agree to marry—only to quarrel bitterly the next moment on the question whether Robert is to move into Caroline's house or Caroline into his. Nevertheless, they patch matters up again, and at the end of the second act they are gloomily resigned to their fate.

Caroline, however, is a woman of resource. She sees that the only safety for herself and Robert lies in her marrying somebody else; so she again sends for Dr. Cornish, and tells him that she proposes to bestow her hand upon him. In vain the little doctor protests—she will take no denial, and shows him that there is no escape for him, unless he can bring her husband back to life, which is beyond even his skill. "I wonder—I wonder," he says to himself; but he apparently consents, and it is arranged that he is to make the great announcement without delay. One by one their friends drop in, and each is informed that there is startling news to be communicated in due time. When all are assembled, the doctor with great solemnity announces—to the amazement of Caroline no less than of all the rest—that Stephen Ashley is alive, and that Caroline has seen him that very afternoon! The story is not incredible, for his death has been reported once or twice before—"he had always a peculiar sense of humor," says Caroline. She instantly rises to the doctor's device, and launches into confirmatory details. The opportune resurrection of Stephen relaxes the tension all round. Caroline is once more "the unattainable" both to Robert and to Rex, and even the Chorus has to confess itself powerless in view of the turn of events.

Half the merit of the play lies in the suppleness of the dialogue, and the ingenuity with which the kaleidoscopic changes in the emotional situation are made to seem plausible—qualities which are necessarily lost in a brief analysis. Mr. Maugham's phrasing, unfortunately, is adequate rather than exquisite. With a little more distinction of style, "Caroline" might become a classic.

The other productions of the new year must be briefly dismissed. Perhaps the most notable of them is "a romance of Alaska," entitled "Tiger's Cub," by a new author, Mr. George Potter. Having noticed the great popularity of American plays, Mr. Potter deliberately set himself to produce a frontier drama in the rapid, arresting American style; and the cleverness with which he has performed his task shows that he has in him the makings of a playwright. He gave himself away, now and then, by the over-conscientious elaboration of his slang. He was more American than the Americans. But otherwise "Tiger's Cub" might very well have passed for an average American production of the Belasco school.

An event of some little note was the production of (I think) the first Australian play—Australian both in scene and authorship—that has been placed on the English stage. "Mrs. Pretty and the Premier," by Mr. Arthur H. Adams, is a political comedy, showing how a Labor Premier is saved from defeat by the quick wit of a wealthy widow whose heart he has won by his bluff audacity. There is a great deal of pleasant humor in the play, and quite enough technical ability to give it an honorable place in the record of the season. The same may be said of "Please Help Emily," a farce by Mr. H. M. Harwood, raised somewhat above the average level by the fact that there is a touch of real character in the impulsive, irresistible, ultra-modern heroine. The part is very brightly played by the much-photographed Miss Gladys Cooper, with Mr. Charles Hawtrey as her coadjutor.

The heroic Miss Horniman, of Manchester, has given us several fairly interesting productions at the Duke of York's Theatre. She remains faithful, for the most part, to the Stanley Houghton school of provincial comedy, but is far from having discovered another "Hindle Wakes." Still, there was considerable merit in "The Parish Pump," by Mr. F. G. Layton, and cleverness marred by rather glaring faults in "The Joan Danvers" by Mr. Frank Stayton.

The side-shows have not been inactive, despite the depressing conditions. The depression was palpably increased, so far as I was concerned, by the Stage Society's production of "Judith," a tragedy, by Mr. T. Sturge Moore. Mr. Moore's notion of poetic drama seems to be to make his characters say everything that they could not, would not, and above all things should not, say. It certainly needed some ingenuity to invent this line for Judith, when she is screwing herself up to her task:

> O, I have never killed a man before!

Mr. Moore, too, fell into the error, so finely avoided by Hebbel, of making Holofernes a contemptible sot. How strange is the fascination of the drama for poets who have no dramatic instinct! The Pioneer Players have produced a Russian farce, by Leonid Andreiev, entitled "The Dear Departing." It is as much as one's reputation is worth, in these days, to hint that anything bad can come out of Russia; but candor compels me to own that I could not raise a smile at this very elaborate piece of fooling. Much more interesting was "Pan in Ambush," a fantasy by Miss Marjorie Patterson, of New York. It showed very real poetic feeling and faculty, but—oddly enough, for Miss Patterson is an actress of distinction—a deficient sense of the inherent limitations of the stage as an instrument of expression.

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."

Mr. James K. Hackett, who because of illness has been prevented thus far from appearing in the rôle which his father filled with distinction, has nevertheless spared no pains to frame the escapades of Sir John Falstaff in settings that for richness have never been surpassed. Upon the four scenes—the street, the Garter Inn, the interior of Ford's house, and Windsor Park at Herne's oak—Josef Urban has exercised his best talent, with the result that the stage, without being fussy, is a pleasure to look upon. The costumes, designed by Willy Pogany, are also lovely in their bright harmonizing colors. It should be said that these appurtenances of the stage do not distract one from the acting, though at times one might well have wished that they had this power.

For, as a whole, this performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is not up to standard. It shares a fault common to most modern representations of Shakespeare, which is the notion that the author's lines, especially in the comedies, require a boisterous reading if they are to carry with audiences to-day. "The Merry Wives," it is true, is pitched in a more rollicking key than "As You Like It" or "Twelfth Night," is in parts broad farce; yet even here the lines are almost as important as the gestures. They were read with so much to-do that whole sentences became unintelligible. Shakespeare surrounded his

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comedies with an atmosphere of joyousness, blithesomeness, even gusto, but left room for moments of repose. The performance at the Criterion was marked by a continual whirl of words and a waving of arms.

Thomas Wise, who is substituting for Mr. Hackett, gave a very creditable performance. Owing to his own robust figure, he was not the victim of the excessive padding to which most actors playing the fat Knight have to submit. In one scene at least, he was superlatively good, that in which he recounts to "Master Brooke" (Ford) his ducking in the Thames. Here he expressed a Gargantuan disgust, in which all senses played their parts; the vile odors in the soiled-clothes basket, the discomfort of his cramped position, and the chill and foulness of the Thames. His voice and entire manner in this scene were all that one could ask. In other scenes he was not the commanding figure which he should have been, his personality being lost in the crowd.

Miss Viola Allen, as Mistress Ford, and Miss Henrietta Crosman, as Mistress Page, overplayed their parts. It was possible, in good Shakespearean fashion, to keep the audience clear on the point of their attitude towards Falstaff without indulging in the constant hilarity which they exhibited. A word of praise is owing to Miss Annie Hughes for her spirited but well-modulated acting in the part of Mistress Quickley. As Ford, Orrin Johnson stood out by virtue of his clear voice alone; as a figure he was somewhat stiff. Dr. Caius was well impersonated by Robert Paton Gibbs, and Paul Gordon made a dashing lover as Fenton. F.

"THE GREAT PURSUIT."

The most notable thing about the revival at the Shubert Theatre of Haddon Chambers's old play "The Idler" is the general excellence of the performance. It is a "star" cast in fact as well as in name. The plot of the piece is well known. Sir John Harding, now a baronet and a rising politician, in days when he was a wild blade in Western America known as "Gentleman Jack," killed a man in a drunken brawl. Whether or no it was an accident, as he himself maintained, or deliberate murder, as those who were present judged it, he made his escape, and, hearing of his inheritance, came to England. In the aristocratic circle in which he moves, the ghost of the past is raised with the appearance on the scene of Mark Crosby, who was present at the incident and who was in love with Harding's wife before her marriage, and of Simeon Strong, the twin brother of the murdered man. Strong has sworn vengeance and is not to be denied, but instead of taking the summary vengeance of the West, he, being now wealthy and prosperous, declares his intention of exacting it by legal process. Lady Harding hears of the affair, and, believing in her husband, entreats Crosby to intercede with Strong. This he is able to do successfully, having fortunately at one time saved Strong's life, but he will only do it on condition that, to gratify a whim, Lady Harding will visit him in his chambers at night. The inevitable complications ensue on Harding discovering his wife with Crosby, and these are as inevitably cleared up.

The whole melodramatic comedy is, of course, purely artificial, but it is a relief at times to see the limitations of stage presentation recognized and even narrowed. Mr. Chambers, like the rest of his school, was interested at the time he wrote this piece, not in trying to depict life as it really is, but in drawing characters who should appear plausible, and the result is a workmanlike little play of the artificial kind. If he has strained pretty far the probabilities of situation, at least he has not sacrificed character drawing to a meticulous observance of the possibilities in action.

Miss Marie Tempest, as a merry widow, Mrs. Glynn-Stanmore, a part exactly suited to her talents in light comedy, scores a decided individual success and is always in the picture. Her scenes with her old friend Mrs. Crosby, played with accomplished grace by Miss Cynthia Brooke, are particularly delightful. The Mark Crosby of Charles Cherry is a notably finished performance; Bruce McRae's Simeon Strong is easy and virile; W. Graham Browne is good as the dapper and flirtatious General Merryweather, and Montague Love is a distinguished, if a trifle ponderous, figure as Sir John Harding. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, making an extremely handsome picture, unfortunately lacks the experience required in a part of fine shadings such as that of Lady Harding. In addition, she has acquired mannerisms, a screwing up of the features and contortions of the shoulders, which she will do well to eliminate as speedily as possible. Consideration of the "stars" of the cast is completed with mention of Miss Jeanne Eagels, who, as Kate Merryweather, is decidedly charming both in appearance and in personality, and, in addition, plays with an intelligence too rarely seen in an ingénue part of this character. This revival, which is presented by Joseph Brooks, is certainly one of the best-acted plays which have been seen in New York this season. The staging, by Fred G. Latham, is excellent in all respects.

S. W.

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS.

In the four plays at the Bandbox Theatre —"Children," by Guy Bolton and Tom Carlton; "The Age of Reason," by Cecil Dorrian; "The Magical City," by Zoë Akins, and "Pierre Patelin," a French farce of the fifteenth century, translated and adapted by Maurice Relonde—the Washington Square Players have shown discrimination, a commendable eye to values, and a marked improvement in production and in acting. Of the four, the piece by Miss Akins, which is written in free verse, is by far the best. "Pierre Patelin" is placed well in second place by the spirit with which the actors enter into it and by the artistry of the settings, designed by Lee Simonson. "Children" fails through faulty construction and through the inability of the players clearly to enunciate the negro dialect. The "Age of Reason" is an exaggerated playlet dealing with divorce and children, but it is not without its amusing moments. Two players deserve particular mention, and it is unfortunate that each was seen only in one play. Roland Young, in "Pierre Patelin," gave the most finished performance of the evening. As the woman who had to choose between two lovers in "The Magical City," Margaret Mower read with intelligence, warmth, and feeling. One suspects that neither is a novice. In any case, the Washington Square Players should not underestimate the value of such actors to a movement which is just completing its first year with some solid achievement to its credit in the production of plays which might not otherwise have had a hearing. H. L.

Music

GERALDINE FARRAR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Geraldine Farrar: The Story of an American Singer. By Herself. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.

My Favorite Songs. By Geraldine Farrar. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.

"Geraldine Farrar is the best-known woman in America. Her consummate art on the stage, on the screen, and in the records, as well as the fascination of her beauty and striking personality, have inspired millions of people with the desire to know more of her wonderful career." So say the publishers of her autobiography, and who would say them nay? She has been in the limelight more than ever this season. A large share of her vogue is due to notoriety rather than to fame, but so much of her fame is real and well-deserved that one wonders she ever stoops to sensationalism. When she first came to New York, the keen intelligence she applied to every part she appeared in made as deep an impression as her youthful beauty and her lovely voice. In speaking of the part of Elizabeth in "Tannhäuser," one day, she remarked that "the saintly woman is always, as you know, more or less stupid and uninteresting," and in an interview for the New York *Sun*, reprinted in my "Success in Music," she proceeded to analyze the means of making that character fascinating, with a subtlety and histrionic insight worthy of Victor Maurel or Maurice Renaud. To the consternation of her admirers she completely sidetracked that subtlety and artistic intelligence in her treatment of Carmen this year, after her coarsening experience with the moving-picture shows. Mérimée's Carmen, as she is dramatically and musically portrayed in Bizet's opera, is a beautiful, graceful, passionate gypsy girl who enslaves men by her coquettish ways. Taking her false cue from the fact that Carmen, in a moment of anger, lightly wounds another girl, Miss Farrar made her an unbeautiful, sullen, ferocious, cruel vixen, such as no man would ever fall in love with, thereby vitiating the entire psychology of the opera.

What made this aberration the more surprising is that Miss Farrar knew the ideal Carmen of Emma Calvé well, and adored it. It was, indeed, the first deep impression of her childhood, and, as she relates in her book, she completely lost her head over this remarkable performance. "For days and nights I revelled in the memories of that magnificent representation. This, then, was the visualization of all my dreams of years. This triumph I had witnessed was that towards which all my hopes, fears, and prayers had been directed. This wonderful creature was what I hoped—nay, intended—to become. And then and there was born within me a fervent and earnest decision that, come what may, I too must some day sing Carmen." She waited an inexplicably long

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time. Many a time I begged her to do this part, but it was not until after I had written an article suggesting that Lucrezia Bori would make an admirable Carmen for the Metropolitan that Miss Farrar suddenly took up the part. This is not in the book.

At the time when Miss Farrar made up her mind to become an opera singer there were no American opportunities for studying comparable to those existing abroad. New York, however, had the best opera company in the world, and hither she came by the advice of influential persons. She "rarely had a seat, but was one of the army of 'standees,' eager, enthusiastic, oblivious to all save the dream world these wonderful beings unfolded before me." How could she, who had not even money for a seat, go abroad to study? Her father, who, when he was not playing baseball, kept a store in Melrose, near Boston, was willing to sell his business to help her carry out her ambitious plans; but that would have been only a drop in the bucket. A wealthy lady kindly advanced what altogether amounted to $30,000. This sum was fully repaid some years ago.

In Paris she studied singing with the Spaniard Trabadello, who also taught two other Americans, Emma Eames and Sybil Sanderson. By the advice of Lillian Nordica and her husband, Mr. Döme, she then proceeded to Berlin. The recital of her experiences there, culminating in triumphs such as have rarely fallen to one so young, reads like a fairy-story. She was not only allowed to have pretty much her own way at the Opera, but was a frequent visitor at court, as all the world knows. By the public she was idolized, and whenever she sang the house was crowded by enthusiasts. Is it a wonder she became haughty and imperious? Though so popular in Germany, her ultimate goal was that of all European singers—the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. But when Heinrich Conried, manager of that institution, arrived in Berlin in quest of prima donnas, and sent her a message asking her to come to his hotel and sing for him, she promptly had her maid telephone: "Miss Farrar is at home, and, if Herr Conried wishes to call, she will be glad to see him." He did call, and, "after much obstinacy on my part and reiteration on his, we managed to close the contract." It was by Maurice Grau, however, that she was first chosen for the Metropolitan, an offer being made to her when she was only sixteen—which she wisely declined.

During her successful days in Berlin she had "literally floated on air," and when she got a telegraphic call to Monte Carlo at 4,000 francs a performance her elation reached a climax. There she first met Caruso, and was so entranced by his singing that she nearly forgot her own part. She also met again the King of Sweden, who had timed his visit to Monte Carlo so as to be able to hear and meet her again. In New York, for a year or two, it was pretty hard sailing. She does not refer to the adverse criticisms some of the newspapers lavished on her—why should she? The public was with her from the beginning, and the public showed better judgment than those critics. Her remarks on Toscanini are interesting. They could not agree as to the relative importance of conductor and prima donna. For a time she was very unhappy, "and when I am not happy I cannot sing well," she remarks. In the last pages she answers the question, "Has it been worth while?" The story of her life is brought up to February 8, the day of her marriage to Lou-Tellegen. The book is most entertaining and much too short—only 115 pages. Doubtless she will rewrite it some day and tell more about her inner life and her musical and psychological adventures with the parts she has sung.

Among her famous friends is David Belasco, who has often urged her to leave the opera and become an actress. She would doubtless succeed—her triumphs in the opera houses of two continents are perhaps even more histrionic than musical. Yet it would be a great mistake for her to drop music. She is so good a singer that she has become a favorite in the concert hall, too, where her talent as an actress counts for little—except in so far as she acts with her voice, too. Of this side of her art there is nothing in her book, but the Oliver Ditson Company has come to the rescue with a volume containing thirty-four of her favorite songs—a collection which does credit to her taste and judgment, contrasting most favorably with what she refers to in the preface as "the mediocre offerings alas! all too prevalent in the musical mart." To this volume of songs Maurice Renaud's remark that "singers do not love masterworks" does not apply.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Finance

"WAR-TIME EXPEDIENTS."

Of the novel and startling financial expedients, undertaken by the markets of belligerent Europe when the war broke out, or afterwards, very few established new economic precedent. The "special holidays," the "moratorium," the closing of the Stock Exchanges, and the later fixing of "minimum prices" had been utilized before, on the European Continent and in war-time. It was only in England's case that all of them were new to history. The attempt at arbitrary regulation of the foreign exchanges, as in the recent futile experiment of Germany, was new as a war expedient, but had been tried in time of peace; even (during 1895) in New York city. The German Government's prohibition under penalty of imprisonment, in the autumn of 1914, of bidding a premium on gold, had a well-known precedent; the French revolutionary tribunal of 1791 fixed the death penalty for such action.

The absence of an open premium on gold, not only in Germany but on any great European market, and notwithstanding the two to three hundred per cent. inflation of the currencies of the great Continental belligerents, might perhaps be described, in a negative way, as an economic novelty. But what an old-fashioned "gold market" fails to show is indicated, as all observant people are aware, by the foreign exchange market. It is sometimes argued that the depreciation in the rate paid at New York, for drafts redeemable in Berlin or Paris, for instance, results wholly from foreign trade conditions; that it is caused, in the case of Germany, by the blockade of her ocean trade, and in the case of France by her abnormally large balance of merchandise imports from America. Yet in such a neutral market as Amsterdam, which trades directly with Germany and which is not producing war munitions on an extensive scale, a recent Dutch compilation showed that exchange on Paris had depreciated 17⅛ per cent.; on Berlin 29⅜ per cent., and on Vienna 43¾ per cent.

Furthermore, depreciation of currency has been proved by another very familiar sign. Part of the economic history of our own Civil War was the disappearance of small silver change, due to depreciation of the paper currency. This vanishing of quarters, dimes, and nickels led first, even in New York, to the use of postage stamps for payment of such amounts. Later, the Treasury met the situation (though in the face of very serious criticism) by issuing "fractional currency"—that is to say, "greenbacks" or Government notes for 50 or 25 or even 10 cents, exchangeable into regular United States notes in sums, first of five and then of three dollars.

A London banking house lately pointed out that the German Government, under similar conditions of disappearing small currency, authorized last year the issue of 100,000,000 marks in iron money made up of 5-pfennig pieces, equivalent to 1¼ cents each in our currency. Russia has also put out a "postal currency" of paper in denominations of 10, 15, and 20 kopeks, equivalent to 5, 7½, and 10 cents in American money. These were made legal tender, equally with the subsidiary silver coins which they replaced.

The London *Bankers' Magazine* now remarks that the shortage of small silver change in France has led to the issue of local paper currency in similar small denominations, under authority of the Chamber of Commerce in each district, and bearing the signatures of its principal officials. It is further explained:

> The issues of notes are secured by the deposit of an equivalent sum in legal tender at the Bank of France, for whose notes they are exchangeable within a limited period specified on the notes. The last date for redeeming the currency is variable, but the duration of the period appears to be five years from the date of issue.

All of the foregoing economic phenomena

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may be matched in past financial history. But two expedients of this war are absolutely without precedent. One is the successful summoning of the French and German people, to give up their hoarded gold in exchange for the really depreciated paper currency; an experiment which in six months brought $200,000,000 gold into the Bank of Germany and $268,000,000 into the Bank of France. The other is the appeal of the British Treasury to English investors for the surrender of their American securities in exchange for Exchequer bonds.

Neither incident has ever occurred before. The public's action in each was contrary to its natural inclination; for in each the people were asked to give up, for the sake of patriotism, that which considerations of personal advantage would have made them keep. How frankly these facts are recognized may be judged from the following note, lately addressed from the British Treasury to all banks of the United Kingdom:

Gentlemen: You are acquainted with the Government scheme for acquiring American dollar securities in order to maintain a stable exchange with the United States of America.

While expressing my cordial thanks to those banks which have already urged their customers who hold suitable securities to offer them to the Treasury, I desire to invite all banks to take similar action forthwith, and to impress upon their customers the paramount duty of assisting their country and her allies by offering to the Treasury such securities, either for sale or for deposit on loan.

In inviting your coöperation, I desire to emphasize the fact that, by offering the dollar securities to the Government at this juncture, holders will be performing a patriotic service in helping to pay for munitions and other supplies bought in America, while at the same time they can obtain a full price for the securities sold. Yours faithfully,

R. McKenna.

A similar purpose, in the case of French holdings of American securities, has for some time been foreshadowed in quiet efforts by the Paris banks to buy up American securities on the Bourse. Most of these, however, have been available only for use as collateral against loans raised in New York city. That is because the bulk of the French holdings are not "dollar securities," but were originally issued in denominations of French currency, and are therefore not what Wall Street calls a "good delivery" against outright sales made on the New York Stock Exchange. This was what the French Minister of Finance meant in his recent speech to the Deputies, when he said:

We must look through our portfolios of foreign securities and send to the United States all we are able to pick up in the French market of securities negotiable there. The total of American securities is not so large as we could wish.

It is not probable that more than $25,000,000 or so, if even that much, of actual "dollar securities" now remain in France. Lombard Street unofficially estimates something over $150,000,000 as being now in the Treasury's hands. Its idea of the total amount still held in England varies between $750,000,000 and $1,000,000,000.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Birmingham, G. A. Gossamer. Doran. $1.25 net.
Burroughs, E. R. The Beasts of Tarzan. McClurg. $1.30.
Campbell, D. R. The Violin Lady. Boston: Page. $1.25 net.
Dwight, H. G. Stamboul Nights. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Jesse, F. T. Beggars on Horseback. Doran. $1.25 net.
Kuprin, A. The River of Life. Boston: Luce. $1.25 net.
MacHarg, W., and Balmer, E. The Blind Man's Eyes. Little, Brown. $1.35 net.
McLaren, A. The Heir of Duncarron. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Martin, H. R. Her Husband's Purse. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Moore, L. The Wiser Folly. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Rohmer, S. The Return of Dr. Fu-Manchu. McBride. $1.35 net.
Rose, H. Golden Glory. Doran. $1.25 net.
Watts, M. S. The Rudder. Macmillan.
Smith, F. B. Babette. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Tighe, F. o'S. The Portion of a Champion. Scribner. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Auction 1916 Manual.
Aurner, C. R. History of Education in Iowa. Vol. IV. Historical Society of Iowa.
Flom, G. T. The Phonology of the Dialect of Aurland, Norway. Urbana: University of Illinois.
Knott, L. A. Vesper Talks to Girls. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Majid, A. The Psychology of Leadership. T. Fisher Unwin.
Roosevelt, T. A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open. Scribner. $2 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Cadman, S. P. The three Religious Leaders of Oxford and Their Movements. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by J. Hastings. Vol. VIII. Life-Mulla. Scribner.
Smyth, N. The Meaning of Personal Life. Scribner. $2 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Bigelow, J. World Peace. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.
Charles Francis Adams: An Autobiography. Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Davenport, B. A History of the Great War of 1914. Putnam. $2 net.
Eckenrode, H. J. The Revolution in Virginia. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Milne, J. News from Somewhere. Putnam.
Ruhl, A. Antwerp to Gallipoli. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Sherrill, C. H. Modernizing the Monroe Doctrine. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Thayer, W. R. Germany vs. Civilization. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Garnett, L. A. Master Will of Stratford. Macmillan. 50 cents.
Lee, J. The Symphony Play. Scribner. $1 net.
Loyson, P. H. The Apostle. Vol. XV of the Drama League Series. Doubleday, Page. 75 cents net.
Mackay, C. D. Memorial Day Pageant. Harper. 25 cents.
Matthews, B. Shakespeare as a Playwright. Molière. University edition. Scribner. $2 net, each.
Vachell, H. A. Quinneys'. Doran. $1 net.

ART.

Handcock. The Archæology of the Holy Land. Macmillan. $3.
Jackson, T. G. Gothic Architecture. 2 vols. Univ. of Chicago Press. $14.50 net.
Robie, V. Historic Styles in Furniture. Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Andrews, E. S. Applied Mechanics. Putnam. $1.10.
Arrhenius, S. Immunochemistry. Macmillan.
Ashby, H. T. Infant Mortality. Putnam. $3.25.
Ashley, R. L. Early European Civilization. Macmillan.
Baillie, T. C. Electrical Engineering. Vol. I. Putnam. $1.25.
Bateman, H. Electrical and Optical Wave Motion. Putnam. $1.90.
Berry, A. J. Volumetric Analysis. Putnam. $1.65 net.
Burgess, I. B. The Life of Christ. Univ. of Chicago Press.
Burton, E. De W. Studies in the Gospel According to Mark. Univ. of Chicago Press.
Chamberlin, G. L. The Hebrew Prophets. Univ. of Chicago Press. $1.25 net.
Davidson, C. A First Course of Geometry. Putnam.
Day, E. E., and Davis, J. S. Questions on the Principles of Economics. Macmillan.
Duckworth, W. L. H. Morphology and Anthropology. Vol. I. Putnam. $3.
Fenton, H. J. H. Physical Chemistry for Schools. Putnam. 90 cents.
Fisher, A., and Others. The Mathematical Theory of Probabilities. Vol. I. Macmillan.
Gilbert, G. H. A Short History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age. Univ. of Chicago Press.
Goff, E. S. The Principles of Plant Culture. Edited by J. G. Moore and L. R. Jones. Macmillan.
Greenfield, E. V. Technical and Scientific German. Heath. $1.
Holvik, J. A., and Eikenland, P. J. Henrik Ibsen Kongsemnerne. Minneapolis, Minn.: Augsburg Pub. Co.
Holvik, J. A. Beginners' Book in Norse. Second Book in Norse. Minneapolis, Minn.: Augsburg Pub. Co.
Hyde, W. De W. The Gospel of Good Will. Macmillan.
Lake, P. Physical Geography. Putnam. $1.90.
MacDonald, G. R. Pitman's Spanish Commercial Reader. London: Isaac Pitman & Sons.
Miller, D. C. The Science of Musical Sounds. Macmillan.

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Naylor, H. D. More Latin and English Idiom. Putnam. $1.10.
Prokosch, E., and Purin, C. M. Konversations und Lesebuch. Holt.
Records of Civilization. Edited by J. T. Shotwell. Columbia Univ. Press.
Richardson, O. W. The Electron Theory of Matter. Putnam. $4.50.
Riggs, E. E. An American History. Macmillan.
Rogers, B. B. The Comedies of Aristophanes. London: Bell.
Searle, G. F. C. Experimental Harmonic Motion. Putnam. $1.10.
Shipley, A. E., and MacBride, E. W. Zoölogy. Putnam. $3.25.
Stuart, D. R. Tacitus's Germania. Macmillan.
Walters, F. M. The Principles of Health Control. Heath.
Weld, L. D. Theory of Errors and Least Squares. Macmillan.
Whittaker, E. T., and Watson, G. N. A Course of Modern Analysis. Putnam. $4.50.
Willett, H. L. Studies in the First Book of Samuel. University of Chicago Press.
Wilson, H. A. Experimental Physics. Putnam. $2.50.

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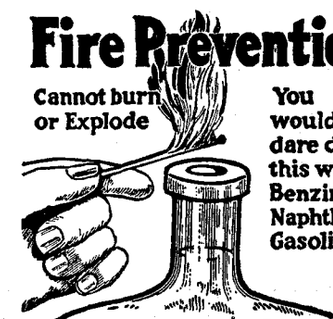

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